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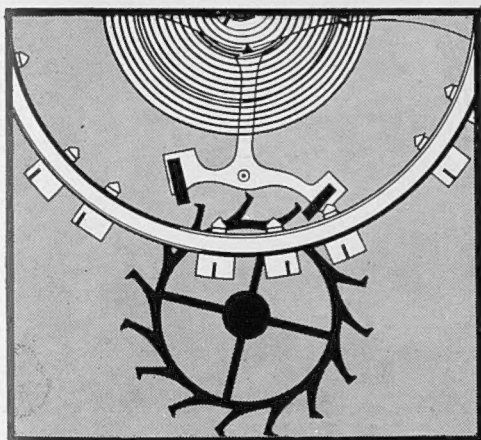
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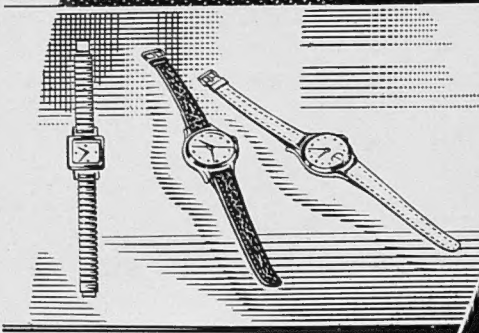
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## SIR ANTHONY AND LADY EDEN

THE bestowal by Her Majesty of a Knighthood of the Garter upon the Foreign Secretary was everywhere recognized to be a just recognition of his successful efforts in the cause of peace. Lady Eden, who is a niece of the Prime Minister, is an accomplished linguist and a brilliant diplomatic hostess, and has devotedly seconded her husband's great work



Dorothy Wilding

H.M. QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER sat for this recent portrait wearing a picture frock of deep oyster satin embroidered with gold and silver, and crystal beads. Her jewellery and tiara are of diamonds. Her Majesty is at present on a month's tour of the U.S. and Canada, including visits to Ottawa and Washington

*Social Journal*

*Jennifer*

## THE QUEEN MET ITALY'S FILM STARS

THE Italian film industry was greatly honoured by the presence of the Queen, the Duke of Edinburgh and Princess Margaret at the gala performance of the Italian film *Neapolitan Fantasy* at the Tivoli, which opened the Italian Film Festival in London.

The Queen, in a dress of pale pink organza with a diamond tiara and lovely jewels, sat in the front row of the circle, and with the Duke

took the keenest interest in the film which was directed by Ettore Giannini and has been described as a Neapolitan ice in cinematic terms, the colourful ingredients being songs, music, dancing and superb settings. Some of the Italian film stars who have been over here for the Festival, including Gina Lollobrigida, Eleonora Rossi-Drago and Sophia Loren, were presented to the Royal couple.

Among the audience on the opening night were the Italian Ambassador and Mme.

Brosio, who after the performance gave a delightful supper at their fine Embassy in Grosvenor Square which was attended by the Queen and other members of the Royal party. Also in the audience at the gala were the Austrian Ambassador and Mme. Wimmer, the Earl and Countess of Harewood, the Hon. Neville and Mrs. Berry, the Hon. Anthony Berry and his fiancée the Hon. Mary Roche, Mr. and Mrs. William Cavendish-Bentinck and the Hon. Robin Johnstone.

WHEN Sir Danvers and Lady Osborn's infant son and heir was christened Peter Robin Danvers in St. John's Church, Churt (where his mother was christened as a baby) he wore a beautiful christening robe which has been in the Osborn family for three hundred years. His godparents were Mr. "Perkie" Warren Pearl, Mr. Anthony C. Garton, Mr. Christopher Oldfield, Maureen Viscountess Lymington, Mrs. Peter Black who flew down from Scotland for the day, and Mrs. Jim Hunter-Paterson.

After the ceremony Lady Osborn, who wore a little hat made of lilies of the valley with a black velvet coat, and Sir Danvers Osborn invited friends back to their home, Dower House, Moor Park, which was once the home of Dorothy Osborn, one of Sir Danvers's ancestors who married Sir William Temple in the reign of Charles I. Many friends around had sent beautiful flowers which were arranged in all the rooms.

Before the blue and white christening cake was cut, Mr. Warren Pearl proposed the baby's health. He is a lucky little boy as he had already received nearly a hundred presents, including pearl cuff-links, a George III mustard pot, some lovely Copenhagen china and numerous woolly clothes and toys. The baby's little sister Sarah, in a blue organdie dress, was thoroughly enjoying the party. She was ensuring that her three pet Sealyhams, Business, Pleasure and their offspring Susan, snow white after their baths, were part of the occasion.

Guests included the Dowager Lady Osborn who had come down from Norfolk, and the baby's other granny, Mrs. Rooke, also his aunt Miss Pam Rooke and her fiancé Mr. James Hadden, the Rev. Seal who had performed the ceremony, and Mrs. Seal, Mrs. Eric Cooper-Key, the Hon. Peter and Mrs. Thellusson, Air/Cdre. and Mrs. Southey and her sister Mrs. Bay Hodson, Mrs. Charles St. George, Mr. J. J. Hunter Paterson and about fifty more friends.

★ ★ ★

THE TALES OF HOFFMANN," conducted by Edward Downes, was chosen by the Covent Garden Opera Company to open their ninth season at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden. The appreciative audience, who gave it a big reception, included the American Ambassador and Mrs. Aldrich at the Royal box with Viscount and Viscountess Waverley, whose other guests included the Rt. Hon. Harold and Lady Dorothy Macmillan, Mr. and Mrs. Keswick—he is Governor of Hudson's Bay Company—and Professor Lionel Robbins. In the stalls were the Earl and Countess of Harewood, the Hon. James Smith, Viscount and Viscountess Moore and Mme. Rambert. Other operas in the repertory for the first few weeks of the season include *Wozzeck*, which will be revived for three performances, *Carmen*, *Rigoletto*, *Der Rosenkavalier* and *Fidelio*, the two latter both conducted by Rudolf Kempe.

★ ★ ★

SIR MALCOLM McALPINE, Chairman of the Racehorse Owners' Association, once again presided at their annual Cambridge-shire Dinner-Dance given at the Dorchester Hotel. There were many owners, trainers and others connected with racing there to enjoy the evening, which, after a delicious dinner, included not only dancing but also a members' selling sweepstake. That grand veteran of the racecourse who for years trained many winners at Chattis Hill, Mr. "Atty" Persse, made the draw for this sweepstake and Mr. Clive Graham was an able and humorous auctioneer. Among the lucky ticket holders who drew a horse were Col. Fred Halse, who had a big party at his table, Lord McGowan,

Mr. R. S. Wilkins and Mr. Sam Armstrong.

Sir Brian and Lady Mountain, with their son Dennis, combined their party at one table with Mr. and Mrs. John Rogerson and their daughter Valda. Their guests included Mr. and Mrs. Roger Hall and Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Don, who have recently arrived over here from America with their three young daughters, and are shortly moving into a house in Victoria Road which they hope to make their home for some years.

The Hon. Mrs. Suzanne Skyrme was in a big party with Mr. and Mrs. Edwin McAlpine, the latter very chic in a narrow black velvet dress swathed with light blue. Mr. and Mrs. Everard Gates, the latter wearing a lovely blue tulle dress, were in another big party with Mr. and Mrs. Tom Lilley which included Mrs. Lilley's daughter Miss Patricia Cottingham. In other parties were Mr. and Mrs. Edward Slesinger, Major Mackenzie, Sir Nigel Mordaunt, Mr. and Mrs. Guy Lawrence and Sir Archibald and Lady McIndoe.

AT Sir Malcolm's long table with Lady McAlpine, who wore a wine red chiffon dress with diamond and ruby jewellery, were Lord and Lady Balfour of Inchrye who are staying in their London flat every mid-week during the winter, Major-Gen. Kenneth Appleyard and Lord McGowan in his usual cheerful form. He is off before Christmas on a trip to Australia and home by Honolulu and America. Also present were Viscount and Viscountess Gwynedd, Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Clements, Sir George and Lady Nelson who had just returned from a trip to South America, Sir Charles and Lady Bruce-Gardner, the latter in a beaded shell pink satin dress, and Major the Rt. Hon. and Mrs. Gwilym Lloyd-George, who were receiving many congratulations on his appointment that morning to the post of Home Secretary. It had been a great day in their lives, as their younger son William had announced his engagement to Miss Ursula Medlicott that morning.

Pictures of the dinner will be found on pages 292-3.

★ ★ ★

THE Cambridgeshire itself, last big race at "headquarters," was won by Minstrel, with Queens Beeches second, and Marshall Ney third.

It was a warm autumn day and the big crowd present to watch the race abandoned overcoats in favour of suits. It was a most exciting race and the Earl and Countess of Rosebery were delighted at the success of his horse; incidentally their son Lord Primrose is, I hear, getting married on January 15. Among the regulars were the Earl and Countess of Durham, Maud Countess Fitzwilliam, Lord and Lady Willoughby de Broke, Mrs. Durham Matthews who has several horses in training at Newmarket with Major Geoffrey Brooke, the Duke and Duchess of Norfolk, whose eldest daughter Lady Anne Fitzalan-Howard makes her début next season, and Lord Irwin. He is shortly off to Canada where he is to judge at the Toronto Horse Show.

Others in the Private Stand were Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Harry Scott over from their home in Norfolk, as were Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Mills—the latter is now a very busy member of the Rural District Council and spends a lot of her time over local council matters. Lord and Lady George Cholmondeley, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Blackwell who are off to South America this winter, Sir Adrian Jarvis, Mr. "Ruby" Holland-Martin, the Honorable William and Mrs. McGowan, the Duke of Roxburgh, Mr. Charles Smith-Bingham and Miss Joanna Smith-Bingham, Mrs. Ronald Scott-Miller, the Earl and Countess of Derby and the Earl and Countess of Sefton were also there.

[Continued over leaf



The Italian Ambassador, Signor Manlio Brosio, waiting to receive the guests at the reception



Signor. Gino Brosio, a relative of the Ambassador, chatting with Baroness Farace



Desmond O'Neill

A CINEMA PARTY was given at the Italian Embassy in connection with the Italian Film Festival. Guests included Mr. F. Bush, Mrs. E. Jannotta and Mr. F. Riganti



SIR DANVERS AND LADY OSBORN, after the christening of their son, Peter Robin, with their four-year-old daughter Sarah Danvers, at their home Dower House, Moor Park, Farnham. The christening was at St. John's Church, Churt

Lenore

Continuing The Social Journal

## Paris Fashions Staged by a Master

**M**ONSIEUR RAYMOND BARBAS, President of the *Chambre Syndicale de la Couture Parisienne*, brought over from Paris and presented a wonderful selection of the latest creations for autumn and winter by Parisian designers. They included models by Christian Dior, Balmain, Mad Carpentier, Paquin, Nuia Ricci, Maggy Rouff, Jean Dessès, Jean Patou, Jacques Heim and fourteen other top Paris designers.

The show, which took place in the Lancaster Room of the Savoy, was perfectly staged and put on under the direction of Jean Marchat of the *Comédie Française*. Both day and evening clothes were shown, many of which came in for great admiration. Some of the evening dresses were quite exquisite in the detail of their design and their sumptuous materials, while the mannequins displayed the gowns with verve and grace.

A very smart audience was there to appreciate these lovely clothes including Mme. Massigli, looking as always extremely chic in an oyster slipper-satin dress and jacket, the

Countess of Abingdon, Mary Duchess of Roxburghe escorted by Mr. Simon Elwes, the Duchess of Argyll escorted by Sir Anthony Lindsay-Hogg, and the Duchess of Bedford, in grey with some magnificent diamonds, escorted by the Duke of Bedford. They were later talking to Earl and Countess St. Aldwyn, who were receiving many congratulations on his appointment as Parliamentary Secretary, Ministry of Agriculture, a post he is sure to fill extremely well.

Nearby was Lady Mancroft wearing a magnificent emerald and diamond necklace with her evening dress. Lord Mancroft has also had a new appointment in the recent Parliamentary reshuffle and now becomes Parliamentary Under-Secretary of State, Home Department. Lady Willoughby de Broke was there, also Sir Henry and Lady d'Avigdor-Goldsmid, Mrs. Joseph Mackle wearing lovely jewels with her sequined dress, Mrs. John Ward, Mrs. Edward Slesinger, Lord and Lady Melchett, Mrs. Charles Mills, Sir Frank and Lady Roberts, Mr. Gavin and Lady Irene Astor, Lady Zia Wernher very elegant in black and lovely pearls with a silver fox stole, and her son-in-law and daughter, Major and Mrs. David Butter, Miss Mary-Anne Berry sitting with Miss Patricia Cottingham, and Mr. Leopold Lonsdale talking to Viscount and Viscountess Kemsley after the show, when everyone went up to the River Room for a buffet supper.

**C**HANTAL MARGUERITE LOUISE D'ORTHEZ, wearing a magnificent family robe, was recently christened by His Grace Archbishop Myers at St. Mary's, Cadogan Gardens. Her godparents were the Duke of Primo de Rivera, now Spanish Ambassador at the Court of St. James's, Lord Kilmarnock, the Duchess of Sutherland and amusing and vivacious Vicomtesse Obert de Thieusies, wife of the former Belgian Ambassador here, whose friends were glad to have the chance of greeting her on one of her rare visits.

After the ceremony the baby's parents, Vicomte and Vicomtesse d'Orthez, invited over a hundred friends to come and drink Chantal's health at their home in Cadogan Square where they have a very big first floor drawing-room. This was in a way a house-warming party, too, as it was the first time they had given a party since they moved in. Everyone was commenting on the charming décor which Vicomtesse d'Orthez, who as actress Moira Lister is so busily occupied with stage, film and television engagements, had found time to plan. The Dowager Vicomtesse d'Orthez was over from France for her granddaughter's christening and the baby's godparents were all there.

**A**MONG members of the Diplomatic Corps present were the Italian Ambassador, the Brazilian Ambassador and Mme. de Souza Leao Gracie, the Luxembourg Minister and Mme. Clasen, wearing a hat of black ospreys, M. Lebel and M. and Mme. Jacques de Beaumarchais from the French Embassy, and M. and Mme. Jean de Bassompierre from the Belgian Embassy. The Marchioness of Carisbrooke came to wish the baby good health and happiness as also did Rafaelle Duchess of Leinster, the Countess of Middleton already changed into evening dress, the Countess of Listowel who later went on to give an official lecture, and Viscountess Scarsdale talking to Mr. Derek Stanley-Smith who has just moved into his new flat in Eaton Square. I also met the Hon. Charles and Mrs. Rhys, Lady Grantchester and her son-in-law who told me his wife and two-week-old son and heir were both doing well, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Whitwell, and Sir Norman Gwatkin, who had to leave early.

There was no christening cake, but as each guest left they were handed a little pink packet tied with pink ribbon containing sugar almonds, and a card on it "With love from Chantal." This is a charming French custom at christenings.

★ ★ ★

**I**WENT down to Earls Court on the first afternoon of the Motor Show, which earlier in the day had been opened by Viscount Montgomery. There was no overcrowding and one was able to see the cars comfortably. It was a very fine show of British workmanship, and illuminated the great progress that has been made in this industry. Several exhibits caught the eye by their display, for example, the Ford stand, where a pale green Prefect had been erected on a turntable over a solid bed of fresh roses, and the Austin stand, where a new A40, also on a turntable, was painted white with black upholstery, beside a Westminster painted black with white upholstery.

Looking at the models on the adjacent Rolls-Royce and Bentley stands I saw Lord Selsdon, Mr. Davenport Price, Mr. Angus Irwin and Mr. Claude Grahame-White. Sir Edward Cripps was scrutinizing the Daimlers and the Earl of Hardwicke was looking at the Nashes. I met Mr. Brian Rootes, for whom this is always an especially busy ten days, and Mr. Jack Dunfee who was going round the show with his wife.



Present at the soirée were the Earl of Warwick, seen talking to Mme. Massigli. Jean Marchat, of the Comédie Française, compèred the show



Mr. Jack Hawkins, the film actor, with Lady Edith Foxwell and Mrs. John Mills. The show was presented by the Chambre Syndicale de la Couture Parisienne



Lord and Lady Melchett were two more guests who saw the collection modelled by twenty-two leading Parisian mannequins

### Parisian Haute Couture Presented in a Collection at the Savoy

I WENT to the inaugural tea party given by the newly formed Anglo-American group of the Forum Club at their fine premises in Belgrave Square, and found it rather a pleasant change from the more usual inaugural cocktail party. The chairman of the group is Mrs. F. Thompson-Schwab who was born in Texas but is married to an Englishman and has lived here for many years. Standing near her while she received the guests ready to look after newcomers, were Mrs. Vera Wheatley and Mrs. Arthur Gibbs who are both on the committee. Mrs. Walton Butterworth, wife of the U.S. Minister, came along and listened to a most interesting lecture by Lady Margaret Arcey who has made several very successful lecture tours in America. She spoke on the part women can play in fostering and furthering Anglo-American relations.

Membership of the new group is open to all women, young and old, of U.S. birth, associations or sympathies. It is hoped to entertain visiting Americans and to provide opportunities for women of the two nations to exchange ideas and get to know each other better.

Among others who came to the inaugural party were the Duchess of Atholl, Marie Archioness of Willingdon, Lady Dorothy Meynell, Lady Houston-Boswell and that and founder of the Forum Club, Miss Alice Williams, who is ninety-two. She was holding court in a chair at the side of the big first-floor drawing-room, with a stream of friends coming in to meet her.

★ ★ ★

INGRID BERGMAN looked very beautiful in the title rôle of much heralded *Joan Of Arc At The Stake*, on the opening night at the Stoll Theatre. But her performance seemed to be swamped by strange production, which featured a huge supporting cast and a choir of fifty who filled several boxes on each side of the stage. H.R.H. the Duchess of Gloucester and the Italian Ambassador were present at this performance, which was given in aid of the Variety Club of Great Britain.

The Dowager Countess of Cromer sat in a box, and in the stalls I saw the Hon. Hugh and Mrs. Lawson-Johnston, Lady Savile with her daughter-in-law Mrs. Levita, Mr. and Mrs. Eric Rylands and Sir Christopher and Lady Courtney in a party with Major Mackenzie.

MISS HELEN SCHAFMEISTER, the American concert pianist, got a splendid reception at the end of her recent recital at the Wigmore Hall. Her programme included a Ballade, Nocturne and Etude by Chopin, Sonatine Op. 81 by Arkadie Kouguell, a Prelude by Debussy and ended with "Homemaje a la Jota" by Joaquin Nin. This is her first visit to London and she has now gone on to give recitals in Copenhagen and Barcelona.

In New York she is known to many music lovers who patronize her annual series of recitals at the Waldorf Astoria which are known as "Candle Light Musicales."

★ ★ ★

MRS. ALEXANDER EDDY is this year's chairman of the annual Central London Branch Life-Boat Bridge and Canasta Party in aid of the Royal National Life-Boat Institution. This is to take place at the May Fair Hotel on November 10 from 8.45 p.m. to midnight. The committee includes Viscountess Allandale, Lady Thomas, Lady Cullen of Ashbourne, Mrs. Edward Christie-Miller, Lady Dovercourt and Lady Marks, who are all working hard to make the evening a success, and have already obtained many valuable prizes for the party. Tables may be

reserved at Life-Boat House, 42 Grosvenor Gardens, S.W.1.

★ ★ ★

A MASKED ball in aid of the Katherine Low Settlement will be held at Hurlingham Club on November 11. Tickets, which include a buffet supper, are sold at the reasonable price of thirty shillings and are obtainable from the Hon. Treasurer, M. S. Hardy, Esq., 29 Belvedere Court, S.W.15.

★ ★ ★

MRS. K. O'NEILL CAVENDISH is this year's chairman of the Florence Nightingale Hospital Ball which takes place at the Park Lane Hotel on November 17. Lady George Scott, last year's chairman, Mrs. des Graz, the Hon. Lady Lascelles, Mrs. H. W. Heasman and Mrs. John Ward are on the executive committee. There are to be some wonderful tombola prizes, and a cabaret. Tickets from the Secretary, ball committee, Florence Nightingale Hospital, 19 Lisson Grove, N.W.1.

★ ★ ★

H.H. PRINCESS MARIE LOUISE is President of the International Dinner Ball to be held at the Dorchester also on November 17 for the United Nations Association. Lady Grantchester is the chairman and it promises to be a most enjoyable evening with guests from many countries present. The vice-presidents of the ball include the Ambassadors of France, Austria, the Argentine, Italy and many more. Tickets for this ball from Lady Grantchester, 25 Charles Street, W.1.

★ ★ ★

MR. AND MRS. S. LAMB are once again lending their fine house, Compton Verney in Warwickshire, for the Warwickshire Hunt Ball. This will take place on Friday, December 10.

Many of the same committee members who made last year's ball such a tremendous success are giving their time and help to this year's event, including Miss Beryl Buckmaster, joint-Master of these hounds with Lord Bearsted and Major Stanley Cayzer, Mrs. Brittain-Jones and Mrs. Scott-Cockburn.

Tickets may be obtained from Mrs. Brittain-Jones at Friz Hill, Wellesbourne, Warwickshire.



LT.-COL. AND MRS. NORMAN JOHNSTONE after the christening of their baby daughter, Victoria Rose Charlotte. With them are their sons Richard, Charles, Michael and Esme at their home, Park House, Gaddesby, Lincs



Blazing Fountains and Portents in the Night Sky.—  
a Familiar Sight to this Generation of Londoners

## FIRE OVER THE THAMES

*THE Fifth of November has, in the last decade, often been decentralized by the impact of festive occasions. In turn, VE-Day, the Festival of Britain and the Coronation have provided unique opportunities for combusive spectacle. This picture shows the transformation of the Thames on Coronation night*

# STRANGE HISTORY OF THE "FEU D'ARTIFICE"

• Roy Brock •

Mr. Roland Benjamin ("Roy") Brock is one of the eight generations of Brocks to be associated with firework production. Nephew of the Charles Brock who started Brock's Benefits at the Crystal Palace, he himself has been in fireworks for forty years, but still enjoys staging Fifth of November parties in his own Hertfordshire garden

PITCH blackness as a background—a horde of people open-mouthed in anticipation—a dancing tangle of gold and silver spangles soaring, whirling, falling—the hiss and roar of the surging rocket—the sharp, acrid autumnal smell of gunpowder. To us, today, it means Guy Fawkes Night.

But fireworks have been going on much longer than that. When Anne Boleyn married Henry VIII in 1553 the occasion was celebrated by a river procession from Greenwich to Westminster. "A foyste or waster full of ordnance," says a contemporary commentator, "in which foyste was a great red dragon continually moving and casting forth wild fire, and roundabout were terrible wild men casting fire and making a hideous noise." Long before anyone had to remember, remember the Fifth of November, hideous noise was part of State occasions.

No one really knows when or where fireworks originally began, though tradition pins them down, along with gunpowder, somewhere in medieval China—somewhere, at least, where saltpetre was used for flavouring food and there was a reasonable chance of it falling into the fire, splashing into pretty colours, and giving some ingenious observer an idea. In any case, firework displays were recommended by an early Chinese writer as good for banquets, because the smoke "facilitates recovery from over-indulgence."

CARAVANS from the Middle East picked up the idea and brought it west. In the early sixteenth century some kind of explosion in bright lights put colour into Italian morality plays, and by the middle of the century every country in Europe was having firework displays. Queen Elizabeth I was particularly attached to them. To the already ruinous cost of entertaining her on her travels was added the necessity of a firework display, preferably fired from boats on a river, and often including ingenious arrangements "compelled by cunning to fly to and fro . . . and also to burn unquenchable in the water beneath." And when James I's daughter married the Prince Palatine, St. George, the Dragon and a "burning Inchanter" danced and battled over the Thames, which was closed to traffic for the occasion between Lambeth and Temple Steps. These shows, by the way, were produced under military command, but with imported Continental experts to advise.

By the eighteenth century, native English fireworks began to catch up with the Continental competition. In 1713 the Peace of Utrecht was celebrated by the biggest set-piece yet fired in England, mounted on a raft of barges four hundred feet long floating on the Thames. On an even grander scale were the celebrations for the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, which in 1749 inspired vast firework festivities all over Europe.

London's contribution was a huge display in the Green Park designed to set off—or "fire," as pyrotechnists prefer it—£8,000 of fireworks. For the occasion Handel composed a Grand Overture accompanied by one hundred brass cannon, and George II distributed purses of gold to the pyrotechnists.

Unfortunately the Italian and English experts who were firing the display then started a free fight about their rival methods, fire broke out in one of the pavilions and nearly finished off the whole performance prematurely, and the result was anti-climax—as Horace Walpole

reported, there was "no change of coloured fires and shapes . . . and lighted so slowly that scarce anyone had patience to wait for the finishing." At another firework party, given by the Miss Chudleigh who later became Duchess of Kingston and was eventually tried for bigamy, one of the set pieces was a cenotaph for one of the King's sisters who had recently died; this, curiously to modern ideas, "burst into crackers and guns" at one o'clock in the morning.

IN the early eighteenth century firework displays became one of the main attractions at the newly opened Pleasure Gardens springing up all over London and its environs. My brother, Alan S. H. Brock, in his recent book *A History Of Fireworks*, describes the entry of the Brock family, then, into pyrotechnic records. Thomas Brock, who died, significantly, on November 5, 1720, was probably responsible for many of these early displays. And our collection of early showbills, proclaiming firework displays by "Mr. Brock" in

Marylebone, Ranelagh and Vauxhall Gardens, shows that from then on the family was kept pretty busy.

The Victorian passion for grand spectacle combined with mechanical ingenuity gave an enormous fillip to the large-scale firework display. When my uncle Charles T. Brock initiated fireworks at the Crystal Palace in 1865, these gay, fantastic patterns on the sky went from strength to strength, watched throughout the years not just by the thousands who had paid to go into the grounds, but by millions outside who hadn't. . . . And as the fireworks went up, so did the Brocks, whose name by then was synonymous with fireworks to the man in the street.

Members of my family began to travel all over the world to organize firework displays. There was the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia—there was a grand illumination of the Taj Mahal with huge coloured flares which took place to the strains of "The Blue Danube" played by massed military bands. By the late nineteenth century my father, Arthur Brock, had invented "Living Fireworks." Our pyrotechnic actors walked fiery tightropes in the air and did acrobatics in lines of flame with all the aplomb of the famous Blondin they imitated.

As for the set pieces, they depicted every spectacular event of the times, from the Bombardment of Alexandria to the Zeppelin bombing of London. Volcanoes belched, avalanches crashed, and the portraits of the great were blazoned across the heavens, from Cetewayo the Zulu king to Douglas Fairbanks Senior cheek to cheek with Mary Pickford.

SINCE the end of the last war firework sales have increased tremendously. Pleasure gardens and seaside resorts have their huge displays on moonless nights—there are big shows in the summer and autumn at horticultural and county exhibitions. And a large percentage of our output goes overseas.

Besides these large-scale displays, involving elaborate set pieces and machinery, there has been a great increase in private back garden firework parties—and at least three times as many fireworks are sold for November the Fifth parties nowadays as before the war. Whether for its bangs or its golden rains—or for its side-dishes of chestnuts pulled out of the fire—the firework party remains one of the most popular kinds of friendly entertainment.





THE EARL OF ONSLOW, M.C., T.D., is captain of H.M. Bodyguard of the Yeomen of the Guard, to whom fall the historic duty of inspecting the vaults of the Houses of Parliament on the eve of November the Fifth. He is the sixth Earl, and lives in Surrey, where he is much engaged in public work, and is High Steward of Guildford. Clandon Park, his fine Georgian home, is one of the show places of the county. The Countess was formerly the Hon. Pamela Dillon, daughter of the 19th Viscount Dillon, and they have two children, a son, Viscount Cranley, and a daughter, Lady Teresa Onslow. During the war the Earl served in the Middle East, where he won his decoration, also in Italy and Normandy

## Roundabout

—Paul Holt

MAN of the moment is not a politician, but a poet. He appears nowadays frequently on television and has endeared himself to the nation by the sight of the round and polished back of his bald head.

His name is John Betjeman and, although by trade a poet, he is rapidly gaining the greater reputation of being "a card."

You rarely see his face on TV, but generally his bobbing bald pate, while a finger prods at a map on the screen in front of him, in a programme which

is enticingly called *Where On Earth?*

The charm of Mr. Betjeman is that he appeals as one of the last of the English eccentrics. He is a motherly Monk of Medmenham.

I used to know him well. We were film critics together and the big adventure, in those days, was to take the train to Plymouth to interview visiting film stars as they arrived by ship. The great idea was to go out to the liner by tender, board her, interview our film star and then get lost.

As the tender took the passengers ashore we could not be found. For we knew that the ship's next call was

Cherbourg and the only way home from Cherbourg is through Paris. A weekend in Paris is worth all the pains of interviewing a film star.

It was a simple ruse, which hurt nobody but our puzzled editors; but I soon learned that John was a difficult companion. He would arrive in Plymouth and become so entranced by the sight of some horrid, greystone Wesleyan chapel that it became hard to get him to the ship, let alone to Paris.

He is a great one for ugly buildings, which he finds quite beautiful. In those days he used to wander down Fleet Street

in pyjamas under an overcoat, leading a rough-haired terrier, but middle age has made him dapper.\*

I don't doubt that his two poems "Miss Joan Hunter Dunne" and "The Wykehamist" are important contributions to modern English folklore and his latest book of poems, *A Few Late Chrysanthemums*, is now simmering in my mind.

★ ★ ★

THE Duke of Gloucester was critical of the British Army's new Belgian rifle when addressing the Dundee branch of the Scots Guards Association. "I saw a demonstration this week of drill by recruits with the new rifle.

The rifle is such that it is impossible to slope arms," he said, regretfully.

I think the Duke has forgotten the days when he had to slope hype... the crash of that great blunderbuss on a tender shoulder, the sting of the palm as you slapped the beast... or was that when you presented hype?

I'm so glad the old British rifle has disappeared. It frightened me far more than it frightened the enemy.

★ ★ ★

At the Old Vic, the latest production, *Love's Labour's Lost*, is mainly interesting because it gives us again a glimpse of the mysterious girl who so plagued Shakespeare's life.

Rosaline, played delightfully by Virginia McKenna, is the "whitely wanton, with two pitch balls stuck in her face for eyes" who drove poor Will to distraction.

She wanders into most of the plays and into the sonnets, too.

Who was this girl?

She was at Elizabeth's court, probably a lady-in-waiting. She certainly had an

My greatest joy in earlier days was to hear him say to an editor: "I say, I think I have one of those scoop things. What shall I do with it?"



LADY CHURCHILL (right) with Viscountess Falmouth and the Duchess of Marlborough, at a meeting at Londonderry House organized by the British Council for Aid to Refugees. The Duchess, who is president of the Council's £30,000 appeal, was hostess

affair with Shakespeare and then jilted him. He hated her deeply and writes about her sharply.

She was a girl who loved dancing, walked with short steps, was scant of breath, had dark hair, black eyes. She jigged in the street and was impudent. She had two small blue veins in her forehead.

And she must have been cruel to Will, for he hurls abuse at her so many times and it is always the same girl.

When he loved her and she was kind to him she was Juliet, but when she became rompish and hurt his feelings she was Cressida, and he got his own back by calling her "a daughter of the game."

It was not until he left the court and retired to New Place at Stratford that he forgave her, for she appears again in *Anthony And Cleopatra*.

Having left the court, Will's passion was spent and he allows her to be a woman, not a virago.

I wonder whether modern playwrights put their girl friends into their plays? I must watch out for it.

★ ★ ★

THE unveiling of the memorial at El Alamein by Field-Marshal Viscount Montgomery was a splendid gesture to our dead, and a comfort to their pride, so often forgotten. But another gesture should be made. The living need their comfort, too.

The Eighth Army, which is probably the finest assembly of men-at-arms the British nation has managed to get together since Agincourt, is split into two uneasy groups today.

There are the men who are entitled to wear the figure 8 on their sand-red and blue ribbon, and there are those who are not. The founders of the Eighth Army, the men who were led by Auchinleck to Benghazi, who had been Eighth Army a year before Monty arrived in Egypt, are not entitled to the figure 8. But the men who followed Monty are.

Now, why is that?

It was the same desert, the same enemy.

I once saw a man filing the figure 8 out of a silver thripenny bit, so eager was he to get the honour applied to his ribbon. It is a great honour, and the men who are denied it have a real grievance.

★ ★ ★

AN actor friend of mine is fond of racing and out of love with the Income Tax authorities. I was delighted to notice, the other day at Newbury races, that he brought in the Tote double with the greatest ease, collected his money, and wired his winnings to H.M. Commissioners of Income Tax.

He felt it was the only kind of money they are entitled to. . . .



Mr. David Ashley was here with Miss Mary Morris, the actress. The pictures on view were painted by E. Box



Mr. and Mrs. Graham Sutherland had come to offer good wishes. The Gallery specializes in "trompe l'œil" and similar paintings



Lord Faringdon discussing the exhibition with Lady Cohen, wife of Sir Andrew Cohen, Governor of Uganda

Visitors to a Private View at the New Arthur Jeffress Gallery in Davies Street, W.1

DONNA DONELLA TORRIGIANI, a young leader of Florentine society, photographed in the amphitheatre of the Boboli Gardens. She is the only daughter of the Marchese Migliore Torrigiani and the Marchesa Anna Ginori and lives at the centuries-old family home, the Palazzo Torrigiani, a Quattrocento edifice in the Piazza dei Mozzi, overlooking the Arno



F. J. Goodman

**Priscilla  
in Paris**

## Homage to the Dance

WALKING along the rue des Capucines (on tip-toe of course) I was attracted by the remarkable portrait of Serge Lifar by Nora Auric in the window of the Galerie Allard.

It was flanked by two small pen and ink sketches of dancers by Picasso. I then remembered that it was the Varnishing Day of the "Peintres de la Danse" and that probably the invitation to it was in my bag. I looked. It was.

This is an exhibition that has been organized by so many dance-festival committees, associations of Friends-of-the-Dance, national syndicates of this and that, that the list, if one added the names of all the distinguished patrons, would fill this page.

THE Gallery was packed and, as usual on Varnishing Days, it was difficult to see the pictures. Peeking between two charming hats—one of which was worn by Geneviève Barreyre and the other by Françoise Holbane—I managed to get a glimpse of the inevitable study, by Fabiani, of some Can-Can dancers. They looked as if the artist had not left them a leg that they could really use to stand on! Marc Chagall, *irréaliste* rather than *surréaliste*, may have been Bakst's favourite pupil according to Michael Georges-Michel, but I cannot bear to see form sacrificed to colour in the portrayal of *la danse*.

I struggled round the room and discovered how greatly preferable was Touchage's chaste

simplicity of line used for his graceful silhouette of Leslie Caron in practice dress. The crowd gaped in front of another black and white impression by Picasso. Why, I timidly wondered, does the great Pablo visualize a dancer with short, muscle-bound legs and an arm terminated by a hand so heavy that had it been extended instead of clutching the practice bar its weight would have toppled the dancer to the floor?

Whatever the reason—and may one whisper sheer provocativeness?—his picture never lacked the tribute of eager discussion groups in front of it.

IF one likes Yves Brayer, who can be so classic when he draws his own Grecian profile, it may be possible to appreciate his sordid and gloomy *maquette* for *l'Amour Sorcier*, but I could only contrast it with Argentina's richly colourful interpretation of the dramatic Fire Dance in that ballet. . . . I turned away to find consolation—not overmuch—in Alice Braun's moonlight impression of "Gisèle," but I became quite happy again with Leonor Fini's exquisite sketches for the costumes of the *Demoiselles de la Nuit*.

I was unable to get near the Maillards, the Valentine Hugos and the Brianchons, whose friends formed a barrage in front of their canvases, but I enjoyed a good long stare at Yves Bonnat's décor for Francis Blanche's "Septuor" and delighted in his bloodshot sky above the dark, iron-grilled gates opening on

the contrasting peace of a verdant garden. Bonnat is one of France's most promising décorists and has just finished designing the setting for the forthcoming production at the Opéra Comique of the late Claude Delvincourt's *The Bearded Woman*.

NOT a honk was heard, not a strident note as our course through the traffic was tarried . . . for tarried it was and all the more devastatingly so in comparison with the days of easy transit that had gone before. Eloquent, moving, heartbreaking appeals had been broadcast; owner drivers were implored only to use their cars in cases of dire necessity while Paris was so full of visitors during the Motor Show.

We obeyed! We went to work and play, or merely to take the air, on foot or by bus; we even clutched—wherever clutching is possible since we have no straps to hang by—in the Métro. We also occasionally taxied, marvelling at the ease of our progress and this, alas, was our undoing. "What was all the blether about?" we indignantly demanded. "Plenty of room to get about and any amount of parking space in the place de la Concorde!"

Next morning we were all out again. I need hardly say more! Paris beat her own very considerable records in the way of traffic jams . . . but—and this is a sop to our civic pride—the jams were silent jams! Indeed, we are becoming so noise-conscious that we think twice about opening the window when the canary is singing, and at Prunier's they have a soundproof room for opening the oysters.

### Cou de grâce

● Sacha Guitry when asked by a journalist why he wore an amber necklace round his neck replied: "Where else would you have me wear it?"



## THE SWISS HOME OF THE CHAPLIN FAMILY

Mrs. Chaplin and two daughters of the Screen's greatest comedian



**A**BOVE the heights of Vevey, Charles Chaplin and his family live at their Manoir de Ban, one of the loveliest houses on the Lake of Geneva. There Mr. Chaplin pursues the quiet routine of an English country squire, with his wife Oona, daughter of the famous playwright the late Eugene O'Neill, and their five children. Above is Mrs. Chaplin in the drawing-room, where modern Swiss paintings blend with old French furniture



Left, little Victoria, youngest of the family, looks wistfully over the back of a chair. Right, Josephine has a serious-minded charm of her own

## CARAVANNERS MET FOR NIGHT IN TOWN

NEARLY 800 members and guests of the Caravan Club met in the Great Room of Grosvenor House for their annual dinner and dance, which ended successfully in the early hours of the morning. The club was first founded in 1907 and its president is the Earl of Derby, who was unfortunately prevented from attending by his official duties



*Mr. D. Chidson, M.C., the secretary, reading a telegram from Prince Philip, Patron of the club, to Miss Muriel Dixon and Mrs. Chidson (centre)*



*Mr. W. M. Whiteman, of the committee, with Miss O. Gordon-Stables and Mr. Arthur Allen, vice-presidents*



*Mrs. G. H. Hollingbery, wife of the chairman of the club, was here going to take her seat for dinner*



*Lord Mancroft, who proposed the toast to the club, with Lady Mancroft, and Mr. G. H. Hollingbery, the chairman*



*Two more of the large company: Miss Mary Ranson arriving for the dance with Mr. R. C. Seabrook*

## DINING OUT

## Opportunity Calls on Sunday Evening

ONE often hears it said, "London is absolutely dead on a Sunday."

This is putting it the wrong way. Sunday, in fact, is the one day that London is different, for you have it all to yourself.

You can drive from Hyde Park down Piccadilly, passing the Ritz, and can see all the way to Eros with perhaps only a single bus or taxi in front of you. You can even drive into the main entrance at Strand level of that hub of international life, the Savoy, and park without a murmur of protest.

What can be said about this famous hotel which has not been said a dozen times before? Practically nothing, except to

mention that they have the good sense to clear an adequate space in the garden restaurant on Sunday evenings, where you can dine and dance to a seven-man band.

Although a large number of restaurants are closed on Sundays, London livens up considerably in the evening and those that are open get plenty of business. There is certainly a sufficient variation to satisfy every choice and mood. Here are just a few:

SCOTTS, in Piccadilly, the oldest sea-food house in town, fine English food, famous for its lobsters, crabs and oysters, and the open grill, is going again.

Also hard by Piccadilly is the Grill Room of the TROCADERO, gay and cosmopolitan,

where you can dance from 6.30 till 9. They have one of the finest menus in London and a remarkable wine list.

There is MARTINEZ, in Swallow Street, if you want authentic Spanish food in a very Spanish atmosphere. The wines available start at 4s. 6d. for half a carafe.

If it is ravioli, tagliatelle, and other excellent Italian dishes you are after, try the QUO VADIS, in Dean Street, where Leoni has been giving personal attention to his guests for twenty-eight years.

If you feel in the mood for *cuisine Française* try PETIT SAVOYARD, in Greek Street. Ask for Victor; whatever advice he gives you, will be good.

FROM London to the North. Here is a good recipe from THE OPEN ARMS, Dirleton, near North Berwick, for Mussel and Onion Stew or Soup:

Take half-pint of mussel stock and half-pint milk; into this add two sliced onions; boil together until onions are cooked, thicken slightly with arrowroot and add half-pint of mussels which have been thoroughly cleaned, season and add a little chopped parsley.

—I. Bickerstaff



Major and Mrs. H. R. Presland. Major Presland is one of the earliest enthusiasts of the caravan movement



Lord Waleran, who represented the R.A.C., with Mrs. V. Rothwell and Sir Harry Brittain, a vice-president



Mr. Michael Morley and Miss Anne Sergeant were studying with keen interest the list of those present



Mr. K. D. Montrose, Mrs. Rose, Mrs. Montrose and Mr. C. H. Rose had a drink and a chat after dinner

Gabor Denes

## At the Theatre

# A Plum For Amateurs

Anthony Cookman



THE YOUNG AUTHORESS (June Griffiths) dreams up for her best-seller an incident between her mother (Judy Campbell) and the doctor (John Robinson); also between her aunt (Margaretta Scott) and her father (Hugh Williams); the result of which fantasy she puts starkly on paper

Illustrations by Emmwood

MR. BASIL THOMAS'S *Book of the Month*, when it has finished its run at the Cambridge, may become irresistibly attractive to amateur dramatic societies. It is not very cleverly constructed, and its assumptions are a trifle naïve for the West End, but it has most of the other requirements—a single set, eight characters (domestic types easy to represent plausibly), a scene in which the whole company can let themselves go in a wild burlesque, and a popular sort of problem.

Supposing your young daughter wrote a sensational best-selling novel and supposing you found that she, knowing almost nobody outside her own circle, had peopled its scandalous situations with men and women who were recognizably you and your friends, what would be your reaction? Would you be proud of having an author in the family and boast of her wonderful instinct for storytelling, or would you hang your head in shame and wish to Heaven that you had brought the child up an illiterate? That is the problem for Betty's father, a pillar of Cheltenham, a Tory M.P. with a knighthood imminent.

AUTHORSHIP is something of a mystery to him, and at first he is rather proud in his stuffy way of seeing his daughter's name on the covers of a book. Pride gives place to panic when he reads the story. He will have to resign his seat, there will be no knighthood now and, what is worse, "We shall be drummed out of Cheltenham!"

An interlude shows these decent dull people as they appear in *Bare Bosom'd Night*. The mother is a drug addict having an affair with the family doctor. He dashes about in kilts, maudlin with drink, despair and self-pity. The father is the heartless lover of his sister-in-law. The colonel from next door is a moustachioed skrimshanker refusing to marry the parlour-maid who has borne him a child. Certainly there would seem to be some reason for social panic. Purists may say that this sort

of thing should be done brilliantly or not at all. Mr. Thomas's invention is by no means brilliant, but the burlesque has some very funny incidents. Amateurs will in due course revel in the stuff, and it will be very jolly to see them revelling.

STRICTLY speaking, the best comedy of the evening is to be found in what—all too briefly—follows the burlesque. The devoted parents shut the book and look at one another with horror and then with suspicion. May there not be elements of truth in the child's lurid fiction? Has not the wife always been curiously fond of the local doctor; has not her husband acquiesced with strange readiness to the constant presence of his sister-in-law in the house? Simple questions are asked and produce surprisingly unsatisfactory answers. Alas, the author is unwilling to follow through any single approach to genuine comedy. He lets these suspicions die tamely. Then he busies himself with the reactions of other characters to the book in which they have figured. Although no one reaction is the same as any other, they are all much too conventional in their unexpectedness. The truth is that the author's skill is insufficient for him to exhibit the dullness of these people in an amusing light. They are a great deal more amusing as the caricatures of the burlesque interlude than as the characters of the comedy proper.

HOWEVER, the company provide their amateur successors with an excellent model of how the thing should be acted. Mr. Hugh Williams presents the M.P. with just the right blend of smugness and irascibility. Miss Judy Campbell is pleasing as the wife tearfully hoping for the best. Mr. John Robinson is equally good as the staid family doctor and the maddened lover. Miss Margaretta Scott puts a high polish on the unexciting part of the sister-in-law. Miss June Griffiths is the ingenuous young author, Mr. Shaun O'Riordan her ingenious adorer and Mr. Michael Trubshawe a good comic colonel.



LIKE UNCLE, like nephew. Col. Barnes-Bradley (Michael Trubshawe) and his relative (Shaun O'Riordan)



Anthony Buckley

### London Limelight

## Beaton Disappoints

"LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST," now introduced to the Old Vic's repertoire, contains at least one surprise. This is the décor, which is Cecil Beaton's first essay in ugliness, a pompous hobbledehoy of a set which persistently detracts from the proceedings.

For compensation, Paul Rogers blossoms as a comedian; his Don Adriano is as ripe as an April stilton. Laurence Hardy as Holofernes adds his own brand of mastery to the fun, flavouring his character with Priestliness, as opposed to a previous Old Vic production in which one was strongly reminded of A.P.H.

Two other players earn unstinted congratulation. Firstly Bunny May, who seems all of nine years old and whose Moth must be nearer the author's mind's eye than anything for centuries, and secondly John Neville, adding consistently to heroic stature as Berowne.

I think the time will come, and very soon, when this actor will have to ask for a

police squad to get him to and from the stage door. It is difficult to see how he could entertain a Palladium bobby-sox audience, but they will devour him when they realise what they are missing.

IN The TATLER of this day 123 years ago I find this delicate example of dramatic reporting:

We made a very inconsiderate mistake in announcing the criticism for to-day on the new



Eric Porter, Ann Todd and Paul Rogers in *Love's Labour's Lost* at the Old Vic



A costume designed by Doris Zinkeisen for the new comedy, which is at present touring provincial cities

### TO PLAY IN THE STORY OF A FRAGILE TIMEPIECE

JOHN CLEMENTS and Kay Hammond, pictured here, will be seen in the West End in December in Hugh Mills's new comedy, *The Little Glass Clock*. The scene, a French château in the reign of Louis XV., should ideally suit this polished husband-and-wife team, who have in recent years been notably successful in Shaw comedies

piece at Drury Lane; for we mechanically reckoned upon its being repeated last night, whereas it seldom happens that a new piece is so quick in its reappearance. We have therefore no occasion to say anything in our present article, except that we have nothing to say; which is a very common case in criticism, though not always so plainly avowed.

TO-NIGHT an interesting problem is to be resolved at the Arts. *The Immoralist*, translated and adapted from André Gide by Ruth and Augustus Goetz, will be presented to a club audience. The Lord Chamberlain, an overworked and industrious gentleman, has refused to sanction this work for public consumption and certainly not without a basic reason. Yet it is the product of several notable contemporary artists.

The translators are the pair who adapted *The Heiress* for the Haymarket. Peter Hale produces and the leading roles are played by Michael Gough and Yvonne Mitchell. Here is sincerity, accomplishment and integrity. Obviously the story contains a lot of little words we never use and asks us to consider a lot of little problems not normally subjects for discussion at nursery teas. The Arts audience has always been mercifully above the necessity of getting its long hair shampooed and cut: its reactions should be very informative to Milord the Censor.

—Youngman Carter

## At the Pictures

# Films To Dispel The Fog

As I write, Italian Film Festival Week is being celebrated in London with parties, lunches, dinners and receptions, ranging from the governmental to the impromptu. The wintry gloom of British studios is lightened by Latin laughter from visiting Italian artists, producers, directors and writers.

It is chiefly a domestic affair to the film industry. But while the privileged attend private shows and consume the cocktails and canapés two fairly representative films are fed to the general public.

First, at the Curzon, there is *Bread, Love and Dreams*, directed by Luigi Comencini. This is a delightful production, brimming with wit, pathos and gaiety, and affording those two fine performers, Gina Lollobrigida and Vittorio de Sica, every opportunity of exercising their considerable talent for comedy.

It is none the worse for a rather disjointed story—the smooth direction overcomes that. The only fault I have to find is that towards the end the restraint which has thus far characterised acting and direction, and so heightened the comedy, begins to wear thin and the jokes become too obviously jokes. But this is carping when there is so much else to please.

This is the part which won for La Lollo—for so we now affectionately call her—her Italian Oscar. She plays La Bersagliera, belle of a poverty-stricken village and a naughty scamp as well.

The other principal character is Vittorio de Sica, Maresciallo of the local Carabinieri. His guilty passion for La Bersagliera is quite inconsonant with the dignity of his office but fully consonant with the requirements of comedy. Then there is Marisa Merlini, the beautiful midwife, to whose charms the gallant Maresciallo is to succumb in the end, and Roberto Risso, the handsome but dumb Carabinieri who has finally to be ordered to declare his love for La Bersagliera. You will love them all.

There are delicious performances, too, from Virgilio Riento, the disillusioned priest trying to keep his villagers in order, and from Tina Pica, the gossiping housekeeper.

A lovely Lollo—whether as screaming termagant or love-sick girl—acts most of our young Anglo-American actresses clean off the screen. She is a mischievous, tender and beautiful specimen of femininity who makes the products of Hollywood's make-up salons look like unsexed dolls.

But the acting honours must go to de Sica. Clothed in all the brittle dignity of



VERA-ELLEN, the little blonde dancer from Cincinnati, will shortly be appearing in Irving Berlin's latest musical *White Christmas*. Also starring in the same film, which is the first to be made in Paramount's VistaVision, are three other favourites, Bing Crosby, Danny Kaye and Rosemary Clooney

## Television

### VICTORY IN THE CLOUDS



PROGRAMMES in honour of Remembrance Sunday can be awaited in the assurance of TV's proven capacity for rising to historic and ceremonial occasions. After the Cenotaph Service on Sunday, the evening play, *The Silent People*, is devoted (cryptically) to "the war record of a little-known branch of the armed services."

Author Duncan Ross, once one of the B.B.C.'s most authoritative documentary-makers, has left Lime Grove to "go commercial." But his past record ensures a respectful interest in the play, which is produced by Julian Amyes, with whom Ross so often worked.

The cast is purposely non-star. But it includes John Welch, the excellent chaplain of *The Promised Years*, Gillian Lutyens, of whom high hopes are held, and Brian Worth,

one of our best young actors. In Marjorie Stewart it has, I believe, at least one member who served in the force concerned.

Next evening sees the start of the film *War in the Air*, Britain's counterpart to the American *Victory at Sea*. Viewers will remember the latter as a weekly mixture of magnificent documentary, loud music and uncomfortable commentary.

VERY suitably, Britain's air documentary spans the skies from the birth of the Luftwaffe in 1935 to the present day. Over nearly two years it has been compiled by Philip Doherty's Television Film Unit working with Air Marshal Sir Philip Joubert. No research was spared among Air Ministry files or those of our Allies.

Monday's instalment, *The Fated Sky*, takes us up to the fall of France in 1940. This tremendous enterprise promises to make Monday evening a fixture for viewers until well into the New Year.

—Freda Bruce Lockhart



Gina Lollobrigida and Vittorio de Sica in "Bread, Love and Dreams"

minor officialdom, he marches through the film without putting a gesture, an expression or a foot wrong. He is a masterly actor and if you have not yet seen him in a comic role do not miss this chance.

THE other Italian film, *We The Women*, at the Cinephone, Oxford Street, is disappointing. The idea is original. In four filmlets we are shown what purport to be true dramatic incidents in the lives of four distinguished actresses—Ingrid Bergman, Anna Magnani, Isa Miranda and Alida Valli. Each plays herself.

Now, either women are dull, actresses are dull, these actresses are dull or real life is just dull. The idea does not come off. Not even the skill of first-rate Italian directors, headed by Roberto Rossellini himself, can lift the stories above the commonplace.

Directed by her husband, Miss Bergman re-enacts a tedious backyard row with a neighbour over a chicken which eats her roses. You and I could do almost as well with our cine-cameras at home. Next, the frustrated mother in Isa Miranda finds solace in caring for an injured child. Then Anna Magnani has a stupendous Roman barney with a taxi-driver who charges extra for her doggie: a funny episode but not at this length. The most human story comes from Alida Valli. She recounts how, escaping the boredom of her film-star life, she secretly falls in love with her masseuse's fiancé and just pulls out in time to avoid disaster. The story has an honest ring.

If the film is meant to strip stardom of its glamour, it certainly succeeds.

YET another example of the Mediterranean female is on view in the Greek film, *Windfall in Athens*, at the Cameo-Poly, Oxford Circus. This is Helle Lambetti. Apart from being lovely she, too, can act, and behaves and moves like a flesh-and-blood girl.

It is a pleasant comedy, set in Athens, about the loss of a winning lottery ticket and the highly diverting financial and emotional complications which follow.

It has the further virtue of introducing us quite intimately to Athenian life and manners; and also to some very competent character actors and actresses, and to George Pappas, who has a leading part as a kindly lawyer trying to sort out an entertaining muddle.

It would be a mistake to think that the Greek cinema has arrived with this film. But it is well on the way.

—Dennis W. Clarke



AVA GARDNER has a Mediterranean dignity of carriage which finds scope for expression in one of her most important films, *The Barefoot Contessa*. Associated with her in it are Humphrey Bogart, Marius Goring and Edmond O'Brien. The film will soon be showing at the Odeon, Leicester Square

## Gramophone Notes

### RECORDS FROM THE CONTINENT



THERE are a number of interesting new Continental recordings which are being made available here—on special order only! Perhaps one of

the most intriguing is that recorded by Peter Kreuder of "Melodien in 4/4 Time."

After many years in South America, Peter Kreuder has returned to Europe. The magic touch of the brilliant arranger has not left him. It was Kreuder who was responsible for the gramophone record success of so many German artists in the late '20's and early '30's, including Dietrich. (H.M.V. E.G. 8063.)

A voice that is probably new to many, but belongs to a recording artist whose name should be noted, is that of Renato Rascel, who sings with quiet charm and complete assurance "Te Voglio Bene Tanto" and "Buonanotte Al Mare." This last song

should become an international "hit," but that remains in the hands of the "chizzlers"! (Parlophone D.P.Q. 69.)

One of the current successes in France is the song "Pam Pou Dé," which is sung with style and a neat pace by chic Line Renaud. She couples her record with "Monsieur Tout l'monde." (Columbia D.C.F. 133.)

IT is some years since the fabulous Josephine Baker graced the supplements. She has recently re-made two of her old successes, "Ma Tonkinoise" and "J'ai Deux Amours," and many will be glad to be able to hear her once again. She sounds as fresh as she did when she first recorded these songs. (Columbia D.C.F. 129.)

And on his latest disc Charles Trenet introduces "Paule Sur Mes Epaules" and "Coin de Rue," showing once again how important technique and charm are to any artist. (Columbia D.C.F. 132.)

—Robert Tredinnick

## AN AUTUMN WEDDING AT BROMPTON ORATORY

ONE of the most charming weddings of the autumn took place at Brompton Oratory when Mr. Philip Ashbrooke, of Roland Gardens, S.W.5, son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Philip Ashbrooke, married Miss Veronica Stourton. The bride's retinue consisted of two grown-up bridesmaids and ten child attendants, and the ceremony was conducted by the Very Rev. W. H. Munster, assisted by the Rev. Alphonso de Zulueta. A reception took place at the Hyde Park Hotel, Knightsbridge, after which the young couple left for their honeymoon on the Continent



*The bride and bridegroom awaiting their guests at the reception. The bride is the only child of Mr. and Mrs. Eudo Stourton, and is a kinswoman of Lord Mowbray*



*Miss Jennifer Renwick was there with her fiancé, Mr. A. D. Rowe, and Mr. Anthony Royle*



*Mrs. Selby Bennett and Mr. Selby Bennett, standing by the wedding cake, were very much amused at a story told them by another of the guests, Mr. A. Holberton*



Mr. D. L. T. Oppé and his son John, who was a page, shared to the fullest extent in the afternoon's happiness



Mr. Tim Royle, Mr. Peter Wise, Mrs. Peter Black and Miss Yolanda Calvo-coressi, also came to offer congratulations



Mrs. and Mr. Davy Cole, cousins of the bridegroom, and Mr. and Mrs. Eudo Stourton chatting before the reception



The Hon. Ralph Mansfield, second son of Lord Sandhurst, had come up from Bucks with Mrs. Mansfield



Some of the young attendants were taking the opportunity of a rest after their duties. They included Kate Eustace, Sheena Douglas, Charles Lowry-Corry and the Hon. Phillida Walpole; and, behind, the Hon. Caroline Dormer and Clare Money-Coutts

Swabe

# Standing By ...

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"Great Dane, isn't it?"

UNLIKE the wigs worn by clowns, rich women, highbrow literary critics, and actors, legal wigs are built rigidly to pattern, which doubtless simplifies the search of a chap recently advertising in *The Times* for a secondhand one. Not even one extra corkscrew-curl can be added on either side to gratify a fop, a Middle Temple type tells us.

As to the curious little depression on top of the legal wig, we forget its symbolism and use, except that it is emphatically not for chaps to put money into. The two hanging side-strips on the gown were formerly devised for that purpose, and the guineas had moreover to be slipped in imperceptibly, so that the legal boy was not aware of the affront. Later, with a start of surprise, he discovered the dough by chance and flushed angrily. Today (this Temple chap tells us) he gets a discreet whisper from his clerk in chambers, and is equally taken aback. M-n-y, Gathercole? I put it to you! Well, sir, as between ourselves... The same applies to bridge and football-pool winnings.

## Afterthought

A SIMILAR delicacy about accepting money is shared, as Chesterton noted during the Marconi affair, by British Cabinet boys, whose eyes are fixed on the stars, whereas foreign ones stick their grimy hands out, saying, "Hoi!" To the honour of the inky racket we can quote the once-celebrated high-thinking journalist whom Max Beerbohm drew in the 1900's, shyly accepting his monthly honorarium over the caption "Almost Like Simony." And once, in a New York restaurant, we saw a blonde tear up a cheque and throw it in a fat man's face: apparently you have to know a waiter for this trick. On the whole we deem the legal attitude the finest. You don't know the dough is there, you don't particularly want to know, and maybe, deep down, you'd rather it wasn't. Good for you, legals.

## Circle

JUST in case the Bulgarians, the Chinese, the Patagonians, or the Eskimos break the hearts of our Sports Page boys finally by routing the newly-selected British International Halma XV on its forthcoming tour with shameful ease, we'd like to remind the boys of one virile sport in which the Race still is, or should be, invincible—a sport, moreover, kept up by Etonians in ripe old age. Or so they tell us.

Every sportsman will recall Gray's eager cry in the *Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College*:

What idle progeny succeed  
To chase the rolling circle's speed,  
Or urge the flying ball?

Hoop-bowling, as a late 18th-century print of the playing-fields shows, was going strong at Eton some time after Gray and developing the same qualities of courage, judgment, initiative, poise, fitness mental and physical, sangfroid, finesse, and tenacity which gave England such outstanding O.E. hoopsters as W. Pitt and P. Shelley. One need hardly quote the famous lines in which P. Shelley, addressing "West Wind," his favourite hoop, longs again to share

The impulse of thy strength, only less free  
Than thou, O uncontrollable! . . .  
As then, when to outstrip thy skiey speed  
Seemed scarce a vision (etc.).

Nowadays, we gather, enthusiasm is equally strong, though of course expressed in less extravagant terms. "Skiey," for example, is replaced by "rather remarkable" or "by no means negligible."

## Afterthought

How far P. Shelley's elopement and subsequent troubles with Mary Godwin affected his hoopmanship is still (see art. "HOOP" in *British Sports and Pastimes*) vigorously disputed. Not a few 100-per-cent hoopsters have trouble with women, and in fact W. Pitt is said to have kept a spare hoop-

stick in the Commons library. The only point we wish to make here is that no foreigner can play this game according to standard or Etonian rules. He has the *élan* but he lacks the *morgue*; the essential air of languor, the carved impassivity of the features, the graceful, indulgent droop of the eyelids while belting the thing smartly along at 10 m.p.h. Dry those tears, Sports Page boys, the dawn is near possibly.

## Pouf

WOMEN—  
In the matter of, or apropos, women's—  
WOM—

Well, chicks, a goldfish swimming in a glass bowl crowned one of the "swept-up" hair-styles exhibited at the late World Championship Hairdressing Congress at Brighton. This decorative whimsy is presumably a throw back to the inspiration of the celebrated Parisian coiffeur Léonard, who forced smart women in the 1760-70's to crown their dainty noggins with birdcages and fruitbaskets and model frigates perched on a tall gauze hair-foundation called a *pouf*, itself stuffed with wool, horsehair, bedsocks, shavings, old Opera-tickets, and anything else that came handy. Exquisitely alluring, in a plaintive way, the mems looked in this rig, as their portraits show. Gentlemen could hardly refrain from a happy laugh (*rire métallique*), and the merry Léonard made a packet.

In our mousy view the more women who go round with goldfish-bowls and other truck on their heads, radiating glamour and increasing public happiness, the better. One thinks of Pelleas' cry if Mélisande had been wearing a potted geranium on top when she let her hair down from the tower-window ("Thy hair! . . . Thy hair falls down to me! . . . Thy—Blast!"). One thinks also of that Left Wing sweetheart who lately captivated the Chinese Reds. If her hair-style had been crowned with a large porcelain teapot she might now be Lady Precious Scream and a national heirloom (theirs). We are now taking you over to Ted (Émile) Wagshaw of the Maison Izzy et Joe.

BRIGGS



—by Graham



*Mr. J. H. West with Miss Pamela Western and Mr. Arthur Quantrell, chairman of the Staffordshire Society*

*The Earl of Derby, Lord Lieutenant of the County Palatine of Lancaster, was standing with the Countess of Derby, ready to receive the guests at the Dorchester*



*Mr. W. H. Butler, Hon. Sec. of the Association, was discussing the order of the speeches with Mrs. Butler*

## The Earl of Derby Presided at a Dinner of— THE LANCASTRIANS IN LONDON

SIR RUPERT DE LA BERE, past Lord Mayor, and Lord Woolton were among the chief guests at the forty-ninth dinner and dance of the Association of Lancastrians in London, which was also graced by the presence of many outstanding Lancashire figures who had made a special journey to the South for the occasion



*Among the 450 guests were Mr. A. T. Casdagli, Mrs. Casdagli and Mr. and Mrs. Roger Woolley*

*Sir Rupert De La Bere, Bt., M.P., who deputised for the Lord Mayor of London, chatting to Mrs. and Mr. Desmond Heap*



*Gabor Denes*

## A Toast to the Cambridgeshire

NEARLY 400 members and guests attended the dinner-dance given in London by the Racehorse Owners' Association in connection with the Cambridgeshire, and enjoyed a delightful evening, when race probabilities were well canvassed



Mr. and Mrs. Clive Graham, early arrivals, were watching some of the other guests come in



Sir Malcolm McAlpine was having a word with Lady Balfour and Lord Balfour of Inchrye, at the Dorchester



Mr. J. Fielding, Mrs. Walter Nightingall, Mrs. Farr, Mrs. Goldson, Mrs. Fielding, Major E. Farr and Mr. N. Goldson

### On Buying A Farm

## A LESSON IN HYDRAULICS



JUST about the only thing I can remember about the arithmetic I learnt at school are those intriguing problems which invariably began with the word IF. . . . If two men, one 6 ft. and the other 5 ft. 2 ins., set off to walk from London to Dover with strides in direct proportion to their heights, at which pub would they decide to go no further?

Well now, here's one of my own which I have just recently encountered in the course of becoming a farmer: If 1 gallon of water weighs 10 lb., how many pounds does a man lift in watering 8000 ducks?

Answer: 20,000.

There is, I suppose, an easy way of arriving at this result by a system of multiplication and division. I did it the hard way by actually lifting all those pounds in a long series of 40-lb. jerk-and-staggers. One bucket of water in each hand, see.

Horse-power, I am told, is calculated in terms of the energy exerted by a horse in lifting

550 lb. through a vertical distance of 1 ft. in 1 second. If this is true—and I can't believe an intelligent animal such as the horse would ever do such a thing—it puts me right up in the turbo-jet class in the power-weight ratio. In the same metaphor I have to relate that at the end of three hours my right arm fell off. Metal fatigue.

THIS was all part of my five-day course in ducks, and I am inclined to agree with Taffy, who, plodding alongside me with taut arms and buckling knees, said casually:

"Look you, there is just as much to be learnt of this job by watching it, sir."

My adolescent arithmetic has provided me with the answer to this one. . . . If a tap can fill a 50-gallon cistern in three minutes, how fast is the tap running?

I'll let you know the result when I've timed it.

Unfortunately, ducks do not live by water alone—although it is extremely good for them. After the deluge comes the feeding. On my

course this was done from a cartful of Tottenham Pudding pulled by an old grey mare, who stopped always in the right spot at some silent command, like an ancient cab-horse taking home a long-accustomed fare on Saturday night.

I HAVE previously described to you the delights of Tottenham Pudding as far as eye and nose are concerned. But it rises to supreme heights of revulsion when you actually get to grips with it in scooping up handfuls to fill your bucket. A Spanish gentleman with an urge to supply ducks for the many-pesetaed meals of Madrid was working opposite me on the other side of the cart. Spaniards are usually extremely careful what they say, and how they say it, on account of a long history of blood-letting as a result of idle insults. It was therefore as the result of intricate cogitation and a careful choice of words that he compiled this inquiry:

"Can one," he said, "get an infection of the hands from this?"

Nevertheless, Tottenham Pudding is stimulating stuff, full of the excitement of the unexpected. A labourer on this very farm, just a month or two before, had found a diamond ring in his bucketful.

Now, how on earth could that ring have got there? Surely inspiration is here for a potent short-story or even a lyric poem, except that there is no known rhyme for pudding.

I'm sure there must be some for Tottenham. But I've forgotten 'em.

—ROBERT CRISP

## At The Races

## NEXT YEAR'S DERBY

THE animals selected as winter favourites for the great classics of the following year do not always realise the fond hopes of the prophets, who so confidently proclaim them as certainties, and it is quite arguable whether anyone should ever accept the winner of either the "Two-Year-Olds' Derby" (The Middle Park Stakes) or the longer distanced Dewhurst, as the probable winner of the following year's Derby.

Such a lot of water flows under the bridges between October and the month which brings the flowers that bloom in the spring, that it would seem to be taking an unwarrantable risk to say that the six- or seven-furlong winner of the autumn is bound to turn into a Guineas or a Derby winner of the spring and summer. It has happened, of course, but not with unfailing regularity, and to plump for it, as some venture-some persons do, always seems to me to be inviting the chopper which so frequently

descends upon those who stick their necks out.

The present winner of the Middle Park Stakes, Our Babu, is suggested as the probable winner of next year's Guineas. That surely is wishful thinking, and furthermore this good-looking and very well-grown colt's pedigree seems to suggest that his true *métier* will be something more than the Rowley Mile. There is all that good French staying blood (Djebel, Tourbillon, Ksar) in the top half of the pedigree and Blue Peter (by Fairway and Beresford by Friar Marcus), and in the bottom line the quicksilver strain of The Tetrarch.

MAINLY, therefore, this colt's ancestry may give the impression already suggested—distance more than dash. Our Babu, in spite of his unfortunate name, has all the looks and make and shape of something out of the ordinary. On this public performance there cannot be much between him and the colt from Ireland, Hugh Lupus, who is also full of French blood, being by Djebel, but lacks Our Babu's

good looks. It will be very interesting indeed to see what Mr. Freer thinks when we get the Free Handicap weights.

Our Babu is not the only pebble on the beach, for there is another, the winner of the Imperial Produce Stakes, Mrs. Evans' nice chestnut colt, Grass Court, who had quite a bit up his sleeve when he won that important event by two lengths, and furthermore, and this is important, had his race won a long way out. His jockey was sitting against him as he passed the post. This is another thing to bear in mind. Eubulides' running was far too bad to be true (*vide* the Richmond Stakes at Goodwood). Ought there not to be another "L" in this colt's name? His owner having such a keen sense of humour, I think he might have put it in.

I AM glad to be told that the jockeys like the new style of hurdles, but being old-fashioned I think that anything which encourages horses to take more liberties than they do already, cannot be for the good, and in the end may end up in a really blistering fall for those who have to ride them. Before I left India, many years ago, they had a type of hurdle which I think was much more sensible. It was really two hurdles lashed together with brushwood in between. Liberties certainly could not be taken with it, and there were very few falls, a great consideration when the ground is like cast iron.

—SABRETACHE



Mrs. David Barker and Miss E. Gaskin were keenly anticipating the evening's pleasures



Lady Mountain, wife of Sir Brian Mountain, Bt., was having an aperitif with Mr. John Rogerson, the owner

Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey Gilbey and Mr. Jimmy Park were others at this very successful occasion



Mrs. Patrick Easton, Mr. Patrick Easton, Miss Meriel Jefferys, Mr. Jack Easton and Mrs. Aubrey Easton



Clayton Evans

MRS. PATRICIA MAXWELL-SCOTT, of Abbotsford, is a direct descendant of Sir Walter Scott. She is the great-great-great-granddaughter of the famous novelist, and recently succeeded her father, the late Sir Walter Maxwell-Scott, Bt., to the Abbotsford estate, Roxburghshire



Clapperton

## Book Reviews by Elizabeth Bowen

### THE CIVILISED LORD M.

**L**ORD M., OR THE LATER LIFE OF LORD MELBOURNE, by David Cecil (Constable; 21s.), more than rewards the reader for waiting years. This is a noble biography; graver in tone than *The Young Melbourne*, yet lit throughout by a still deeper glow. Lord David's writing has always something of the quality of a painter's canvas, upon which is set not only the figure, but the shapes and texture of his world.

And, above all, we have the interplay between temperament and experience. Lord Melbourne lends himself perfectly to this art—in fact, one wonders whether his magnitude and his complexity could have been treated in any other way.

**O**UTWARDLY we have the man of the world, the aristocrat and the statesman—imperturbable, mellow, witty. Superficially, it is as such that Lord Melbourne could have gone down to history: a little shocking in his realism, a shade disconcerting in his wit. But inwardly there was a duality, a conflict; and it is to this that Lord David has penetrated. He has therefore given us a Melbourne who is that most mysterious and contradictory of creatures, an entire man. In office, in the society which he ornamented, we are shown action; and, not less, the effect Lord Melbourne produced on others. The political picture of the times is admirable in its clarity. But the achievement is that external events should be given further significance for us by the inner drama—the drama Lord David has traced.

In *The Young Melbourne* we had the preliminary to public life. *Lord M.* opens with the accession to power. Onward from 1827, the

times were increasingly troubled: agitations and violences rent the land, with a growing pressure towards reform. To his critics, Lord Melbourne stood for reaction—he was against the hot-heads. Into the changing world of the nineteenth century he brought the sceptical philosophy of the eighteenth. Intellectual mistrust of the extreme went with the check he kept on his own nature—the tenderness through which he had already been wounded, the emotions which were to bring him further suffering.



"... but ever returned before the dawn."  
An engraving by Robert Gibbings from his book *A True Tale of Love in Tonga* (Dent; 5s.), a vividly conceived masterpiece-in-little

The tragedy of his marriage to Caroline Lamb left a deep mark. Enchanted by feminine society, Melbourne never ventured again into a direct and complete love. Flirtations and friendships there were; the injudicious, high-spirited Mrs. Norton has been brilliantly recalled to being by Lord David. But the dominating feminine personality of *Lord M.* is the young Queen—and wholly delicious are the chapters in which the bedazzlement (along with which went the education) of Victoria by Melbourne are recounted. Here, lyricism gains from the touch of irony. The two portraits, linked within the relationship, perfectly set one another off.

**B**UT alas, here also time worked, change showed its hand. The idyllic years went by, to return no more: Melbourne was left without his Queen. And, "the trouble was," says Lord David,

"that she had grown to be the only thing that made life worth living to him. Here we come to the crucial, central, incurable cause of his melancholy. . . . For all that it had been so packed and brilliant, Melbourne's had been an unfulfilled life. He was born with a strong, subtle intelligence, always restlessly searching to discover some ultimate truth and significance in human existence. But his search had been frustrated by the congenital, fundamental division in his nature. Never had he been able to reconcile the sceptical realism of his judgment with those ideal aspirations, which alone commanded the enthusiasm of his heart. . . ."

The fullness of *Lord M.*, as a piece of work, speaks for the richness and variety of the sources (some of them private papers) from which the biographer has drawn. Above all, Lord David has accomplished that rarest thing—he has given us the brilliant, odd, adorable quality of Lord Melbourne's wit. And through the darkening scene of the last chapter, the solitude of the final years, stands out the final triumph—civilisation, embodied in one man. Tears are drawn from one, but they are tears which it is salutary to shed.

★ ★ ★

**C**S. FORESTER's mastery as a story-teller can seldom have been put to such testing use as in *THE NIGHTMARE* (Michael Joseph; 12s. 6d.). Only a pen as sure and clean as that of the Hornblower's creator could have guided the reader through this infested region without leaving a taint on the memory, for *The Nightmare* is the collective title of ten tales centred upon the same theme—the atrocities of the Nazi régime in Germany. "Not one of these stories," the author says in his foreword, "tells of an actual happening, but all of them except the last easily could have happened." From sworn evidence, filed at the Nuremberg and Belsen trials, can be drawn incidents still more sickening and shocking. As it is, Mr. Forester takes us far enough.

Some readers' reaction may be, "Now it is over, why drag these horrors up?" The author's answer is twofold—nothing is over while anywhere in the Europe of our day we still have gang rule, implementing fear, and he believes the reader *should* contemplate "the remarkable possibilities of unfettered power."

**N**EVERTHELESS, thanks to the fundamental outlook of Mr. Forester, it is the human heroisms and decencies which stand out throughout the *Nightmare* stories, against the background of the infernal gloom. In two splendid though sombre tales, "The Unbelievable" and "The Hostage," this is most apparent: the crew of the rescue ship and the general's wife both keep the lamp of the spirit burning. In "The Bower of Roses," we have unredeemed ferocity: dog eats dog. Elsewhere, we are most conscious of the predicament: man half-corrupt, yet trying to cling to loyalties—Schmidt, the doctor in the two concentration camp stories, the agitated general in "Indecision," and the tormented Polish scientist in "Miriam's Miracle" continue to haunt one. For the worst evil is that which attacks the soul.



*Cdr. John Campbell (seated) and Mr. James Wilson conducting a tombola watched by Mr. E. Arnott, Miss G. Bevan, Miss S. Walford and Mrs. M. Kavanagh*

## THE GREAT HARBOUR OF DUBLIN SUPPORTED THE LIFE-BOATS

A HIGHLIGHT of the autumn in Dublin was the successful ball given at the Gresham Hotel in aid of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution. It was organised by the Countess of Meath



*The Earl of Meath, President of the R.N.L.I. in Ireland, with the Countess of Meath and Mr. Edward Windley*



*Miss Rea Mooney, the producer at the famous Abbey Theatre, was here taking coffee with Mr. Joseph Shaw*

Fennell



*John French*

PRINGLE'S warm and pretty jumper suit, made in the softest, scarlet bouclé wool, is one of the most sensible things a woman can buy for the winter months that lie ahead. The cardigan top, worked in a small basket pattern, does-up with little metal buttons; can be worn as a jacket, as shown in our photograph, or tucked inside the skirt, which is knitted with all-round rolled pleats springing from a flat hip yoke. This suit, which costs 12 gns., comes (in other colours too) from Simpsons of Piccadilly, who sell the pretty heart-shaped little suede hat for £3. 19. 6.

SCARLET WOOL FOR  
WINTER WARMTH

To wear with the scarlet skirt, Simpson's charcoal coloured blouse made of pure silk shantung for 4 gns.



Simpson's amusing black and white wool knitted cap, for wearing with the suit in the country, costs 3 is. 6d.

Mariel Deans'  
CHOICE  
FOR THE WEEK



## *“Whisper of Satin and Murmur of Gauze”*



THESE two dance dresses with enormous skirts, that swirl and swish out over the floor, are exactly the sort of romantic picture frocks which, however fashions change, many generations have found to be the best of all for dancing

This glorious dress of stiff peacock blue Duchess Dogano satin is a Frederick Starke model. Sleekly fitting over the hips it flares out into an enormous skirt. The closely fitting, plain bodice is elegance itself. Fenwicks, of Bond Street, stock it



## *in the Gay Arabesques of the Waltz''*

BEST, too, for a portrait sitting, an angle stressed by the setting of our photographs this week which were taken at the Victoria and Albert Museum. The dancers are shown on the magnificent tessellated floor of the Raphael Cartoons Room

by  
*Marcel Deans*

Mary Black's ball gown—a cloud of fondant pink net—has a finely tucked bodice above a wide satin cummerbund embroidered all over with beads and bugles. Stocked by Marshall and Snelgroves' County Shops in Leeds, Sheffield and Harrogate



*John Cole*



Contrasts in Evening Couture  
for the Smart Social Occasion

## THE MINK TRIM

LATELY mink has arrived (writes Mariel Deans) as a dress trimming for all hours of day and night. Its flat, close fur and hard-wearing qualities make it eminently suited for this rôle and it imparts expensive glamour at quite a moderate cost. A black pleated poult dress by Julian Rose has its low décolletage outlined with dark ranch mink. It is stocked by Harrods

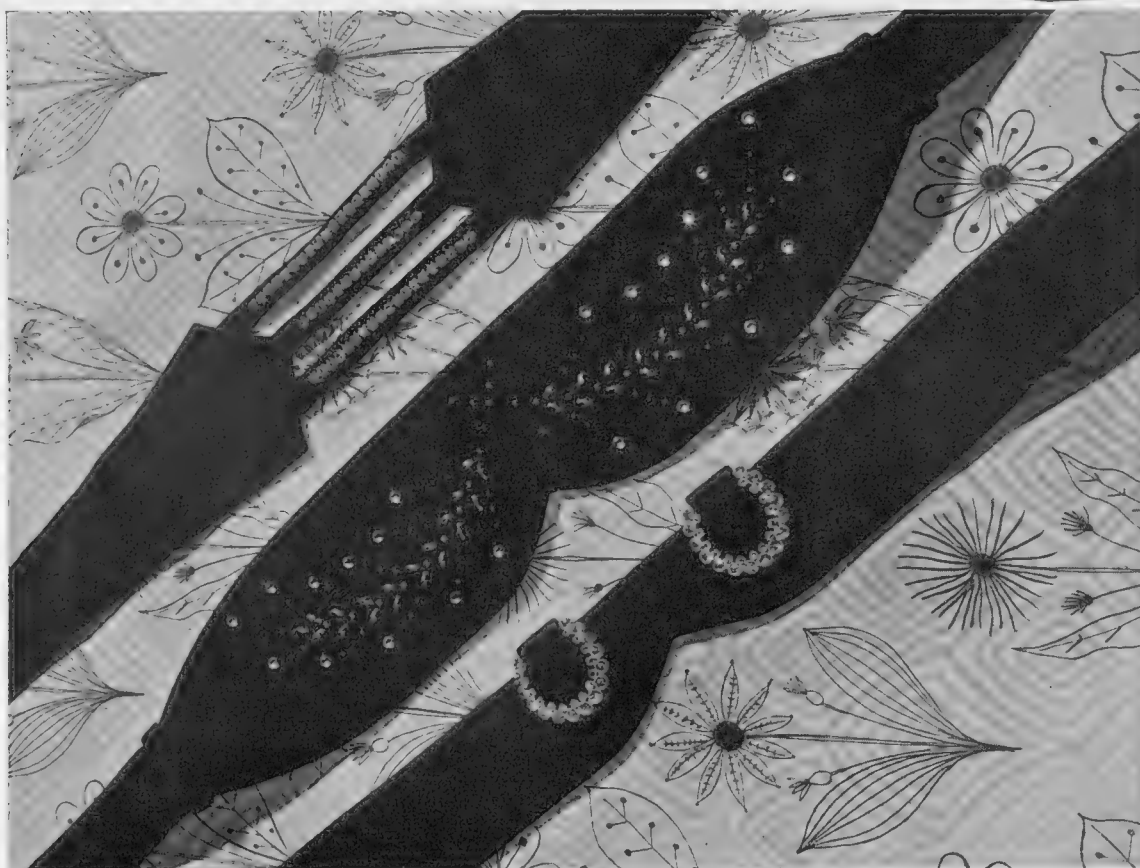
(Right) Roecliff & Chapman's glorious maize-yellow chiffon dress has an embroidered waistband which curves up under the draped bust. The strapless bodice is beautifully finished off by the pretty little Pompadour conceit of the mink collar worn high. The Marshall and Snelgrove Country Shop at Southport has this dress



# Sparkle for the Party

THE simple black frock can carry you through the day and do a "double turn" for evening when dramatized with party accessories. These, carefully chosen, will transform it from the practical to the romantic in a matter of minutes. Here are some examples of the way to do it

Springlike look for a winter party can be achieved with this hand-painted "Separate" top (£5 15s. 6d.) and matching bag (£4 10s.). There is a skirt in the same design. Simpson, Piccadilly



By JEAN CLELAND

Beautiful belts for cocktail and evening wear, from a collection at Debenham & Freebody. Black suède with three bands of diamanté trimming 49s. 6d. Black suède diamanté horseshoe design 33s. 6d. Black suède with spray design in silver colouring 61s.

Right, for "last minute finish," a richly patterned scarf, with finely tucked gloves, from Finnigans of Bond Street. Scarf 49s. 6d., gloves 21s.



Above, the note of smart sophistication. Black grosgrain bag with gilt top £7 6s. 6d. Black suède "flower" decorated gloves which can be obtained for £4 4s. from Fortnum & Mason



Left, beautifully shaped black suède bag, and black gloves with sparkling motifs. They cost 10 and 8 gns. respectively from Simpson, Piccadilly



Dennis Smith

## Shopping List

### DEFYING THE WET GLASS MENACE

IF there is one thing more maddening than another, it is having a polished table marked with wet glasses. This is a form of carelessness that happens from time to time, and the results, after a party, are both sad and lasting.

Something in the way of a life-saver—or to be more explicit, a table-saver—has just come on to the market. This is a new kind of furniture cream made by Topps, called "Silicone," and experiments I have made prove its effectiveness. Applied in the same way as furniture polish, it achieves a lovely hard gloss which lasts for a long time, and—joy of joys—it prevents glass marks. Next time you give a cocktail party, you can do so without the accompaniment of the hearty—and entirely false—"Oh, don't worry, it doesn't matter a bit." With "Silicone," it really *won't* matter.

★ ★ ★

THE popularity of costume jewellery today has made it an inseparable part of the fashion picture. Designers are showing great inventiveness, and bringing it out in new designs and a variety of materials other than beads and semi-precious stones.

Quite new, and very charming, are some Limoges porcelain brooches. In lovely colourings, and very inexpensive, these would be ideal for the odd gift, especially suitable for the young girl. They would look attractive on the lapel of a coat, and cost only 7s. 6d. each. The special name given to them is "Sharmaine," and you can see them at Harrods.

Talking of jewels, I have always coveted the various luxurious travelling cases for carrying them. The trouble is that most of them I have seen have been so expensive. At last I have found a little one that looks most beautifully costly at a modest price.

Made of pigskin, this has a brooch cushion and a ring guard, and is neatly done up with a zip fastener. It is lined with soft suède in a pale beige, and is altogether a wonderful buy for 34s. You can get it from the House of Bewlay, and other leading stores.



A travelling jewel case in pigskin, which costs as little as 34s. From the House of Bewlay and other stores



Two examples of "Sharmaine" Limoges porcelain brooches, which are obtainable at Harrods



## Beauty

An attractive accessory that provides a change in hair style is Steiner's new "Glamourcoil" to be had in any colour or combination of colours



## "TO THE AID OF THE PARTY . . ."

"AND remember," said my old violin professor, "that when you walk on to the concert platform, you must look happy. The audience are responsive to such things. Look as if you are enjoying yourself, and they will enjoy themselves, too."

A valuable piece of advice this, which I have found useful on many occasions, particularly when giving a party. For one of the secrets of successful entertaining is, I firmly believe, to enjoy your own parties and look, from the word go, as though you were having fun.

A good hostess manages this superbly. No matter how much effort has gone towards the preparations beforehand, no trace of it shows when she greets you. From her manner you might think that the whole thing had arranged itself. She is as cool as the ice in the cocktails, and as gay and pretty as the flowers on the table. A less adept hostess is not so happy. The bright smile she gives you on arrival ill conceals the anxious look in the eye that hopes for the best while fearing the worst.

Even as she goes through the motions of welcome, you sense that she is not with you. In spirit, she is worrying over those things which have been left undone, and wondering which of the many details that go to the smooth running of a party have been forgotten. You can be sure that the whole thing has been a mad rush, and that, in getting changed, she has only beaten you by a short head.

THE HEREIN lies the difference between success and failure. One leaves everything to the last minute, the other gets everything ready—herself included—in plenty of time. It is as simple as that.

Arrangements for the meal are not my province. If you have a good cook and plenty of help, this takes care of itself. If not, no doubt you will arrange dishes that can be partly prepared the day before. What I am concerned with in this article is the

appearance, to which the rule of getting in trim beforehand applies just as surely. If you want to look gay at your party, you must think ahead.

I am not one who advocates frequent facial treatments, mainly because few of us have either the time or the money to spend on them. I do sincerely think, however, that one now and then—especially before some special occasion—is the best and surest way of wiping out the stress and strain of busy days, and of putting on a bright new face. Many people ask me whether, to get the best effect out of such a treatment, it should be done at the last minute. The answer is "No." The effect is just as good if you have it done the day before, and in the case of a sensitive skin, sometimes even better; for then the skin has time to settle down.

YOUR complexion will look beautifully soft and refreshed when you go to make up for the party the following evening, and you can get a lovely finish by using one of the "party" foundations. By this I mean a light foundation designed for the evening, from which there are many to choose. The best way of making a choice is to ask the expert who gives you your treatment to suggest which one she thinks will suit you best. Tell her, at the same time, what colour you are going to wear the next night, and get her to advise you as to the most becoming shades of rouge and lipstick to go with it. This is important, because not only does it make all the difference to your party looks, but it saves a lot of trouble in wondering what to use at the last minute.

Manicure. This again can be done beforehand, and there is no need to worry about the nail varnish chipping if you take a little care to guard the nails with a protective preparation such as Revlon's "Super-sealer." This not only gives a good finish, but really does keep the varnish intact for a considerable time. The hands themselves are a bit of a problem if you are doing the party preparations yourself, but it can be satisfactorily

solved by using one of the hand barrier creams, which "seal off" dust and dirt. An excellent one when you are in a hurry is Liqueiglove, made by Steiner, since this is designed both for wet and dry work. Just in case of any stains arising from this or that during the day, I suggest keeping a bottle of "Handjoy" in readiness. This will remove them easily and quickly, without any eleventh-hour panic.

AS regards the hair—which is perhaps the most important item of all—I will pass on some advice from one of the expert stylists. A good shampoo and set needs time, so have it done beforehand and get the hairdresser to spray it well with one of the excellent lacquers designed for keeping it in place.

Do not choose a new and elaborate style that may present difficulties when you come to comb it out and dress it yourself. Have something you are used to, and if you want to make it look different for the occasion, treat yourself to some of the lovely sparkling scatter-pins, or any of the attractive hair ornaments fashioned to give a "dress up" look to the head for evening wear. For a complete change, try a twist of long hair such as those being made by Steiner called "Glamourcoil." These can be had in various colourings, and provide an excellent way of making a last-minute change from "short to long."

Highlight the odd curl or wave with one of the fascinating preparations specially designed for the purpose. All you have to do is to brush it on very lightly, then comb it through. The result is charming. The best plan is to try it out the day before the party, so that if you do not like it, you can wipe it off with a damp cloth or piece of cotton wool.

With the "party sparkle" thus in readiness, you can be confident that, as regards your appearance, "It's sure to be right on the night."

—JEAN CLELAND

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for GIRLS

"The Atholl" outfit as illustrated is as serviceable as it is attractive and comprises Tweed Jacket (which may be supplied in any shade to tone with kilt), Tartan Kilt, Jersey/Blouse, Tie, Stockings, Plain Shoes and Kilt Pin.

The Kilt still retains its charm and usefulness and has an appeal unachieved by any other Juvenile Dress.



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## SOME RECENT ENGAGEMENTS



Fayer

Miss Monica Mary Craven, daughter of the Rev. H. and Mrs. Craven, of Queen's Gate, S.W.7, and Deerleaps, Painswick, Glos, is shortly to marry Capt. Charles Michael Andrew Mayes, Coldstream Guards, son of Mr. and Mrs. C. Mayes, of Willowbrook Cottage, Eton College, Windsor



Miss Julia Floyd, daughter of Brig. Sir H. Floyd, Bt., and the Hon. Lady Floyd, of Cheersley Hill House, Aylesbury, Bucks, has announced her engagement to Mr. Richard J. Scott, son of Col. and Mrs. Jervoise Scott, of Rotherfield Park, Alton, Hampshire



Lenare

Miss Belinda Ann de Marie Haggerston, daughter of Sir H. C. Haggerston, Bt., and Lady Haggerston, of Ellingham Hall, Chathill, Northumberland, has announced her engagement to Mr. Peter Drury Gadsden, son of the Rev. B. and Mrs. Gadsden, of Bridgnorth, Shropshire



Miss Mary Catherine Watkins, daughter of the Bishop of Malmesbury and Mrs. Watkins, of Miles Road, Clifton, Bristol, is engaged to be married to Dr. Anthony Hillard, son of Mr. and Mrs. C. K. Hillard, of Ainger House, Eton College



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"Little Suit"  
in Grey  
Bulky Tweed.  
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**GRACE—BLACKER**

The wedding took place at St. Peter's Church, Petersfield, Hants, of Mr. Nicholas Kendall Grace, son of Admiral Sir John and Lady Grace, of Longacre, Liss, and Miss Brigid A. Blacker, daughter of Lt.-Col. Stewart Blacker, O.B.E., and Lady Doris Blacker, of Coldhayes, Liss, Hants

## THEY WERE MARRIED

The TATLER'S Review

**MAWER—MANN**

Mr. John E. F. Mawer, son of Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Mawer, of Easton, Woodbridge, Suffolk, was married to Miss Sheila Mann, daughter of Cdr. W. A. Mann, O.B.E., R.N., and Mrs. Mann, of Cadogan Square, S.W.1, at St. Simon Zelotes, Chelsea

**WEARE—WHALLEY**

At St. Paul's Church, Rusthall, Mr. Roger G. Weare, son of Lt.-Col. F. G. C. Weare, and Mrs. Weare, of Mark Cross, Sussex, married Miss Gillian Whalley, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Whalley, of Tunbridge Wells

**MAYHEW—SAUNDERS**

Mr. Simon Mayhew, only son of the Hon. Mrs. A. Esson-Scott, of Hill Hall, Great Bardfield, Essex, was married to Miss Ann Saunders, only daughter of Major and Mrs. Grant Saunders, at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge

**TOBEY—COWLEY**

The marriage between Lt. Bruce Michael Tobey, R.N., only son of Mr. and Mrs. G. D. Tobey, of Links View, Hoylake, Cheshire, and Miss Jennifer Dorothea Cowley, daughter of Canon and Mrs. C. P. Cowley, of Winchester, was solemnized at Winchester Cathedral

**BUTLER—PUCKRIDGE**

Miss Joanna C. A. Puckridge, daughter of Mr. G. M. Puckridge, C.M.G., and of Mrs. B. A. Puckridge, of Kelso Place, London, W.8, became the bride of Major Hew D. G. Butler, The Rifle Brigade, son of Major-Gen. S. S. Butler, C.B., and Mrs. Butler, of Bury Lodge, Hambledon, at Hambledon Church, Hants



*the name*

*of authority*

*in furs*

**Bradleys**

2 WELBECK STREET, W.1

Bradleys cape of broadtail and white mink



THE WOLSELEY 6-90 is a new full six-seater saloon of traditional Wolseley dignity and style, but greater comfort than ever before. It is ideally suited for high speed touring in winter or summer, and over roads good or bad. It costs £1,025 5s. 10d., including tax



**Motoring**

**Oliver Stewart**

## After the Show

LET us be thoroughly beastly to the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders and to all exhibitors and their assignees and associates. Let us sum up the 39th International Motor Exhibition by saying that it was a display of different colours in polished surfaces. My friends of the Society have not furnished me with the statistics, but my impression is that there were fewer internal and engineering details shown for the total number of cars exhibited than ever before. The spectator was therefore dazed and dazzled by colour schemes while his interest in the chassis specification was kept in the background.

In short it seemed to this observer at least that the Motor Show was taking engineering for granted and was assuming that the only thing likely to attract the ordinary member of the public was a new body shape; another colour scheme; an enlarged luggage boot; an extra arm rest or an additional ashtray. Have we really come so far in fifty odd years of motoring that the work of the designer and technical man is no longer of importance and that the work of the stylist and the administrator constitutes the entire picture?

IN this criticism I have perhaps allowed my own personal feelings to intrude themselves too much. It is arguable, for instance, that the engineering of the modern motor car is so far advanced that we can in truth neglect it and concentrate our attention upon exterior and minor details. In that event we must judge this recent Motor Show, the largest of the series, as the most successful. It showed a variety and an excellence of body shapes hardly ever assembled before at any exhibition.

Inevitably I have had to select at random the particular models for comment. In the previous weeks' articles I have referred to a number of outstanding exhibits but here I would like to add a special note about the new Wolseley 6-90. (By the way, the great Nuffield Organization itself does not seem to be quite clear in its own mind as to whether the term

"6-90" is to have a hyphen or not, consequently I am taking my own line in the matter.) This car has a new six cylinder 2½-litre engine with overhead valves. The valves, in opposition to earlier Wolseley practice, have come round to what one might almost call the conventional specification and are now pushrod operated. The engine develops 95 brake horse-power at 4,500 r.p.m. There are twin carburettors.

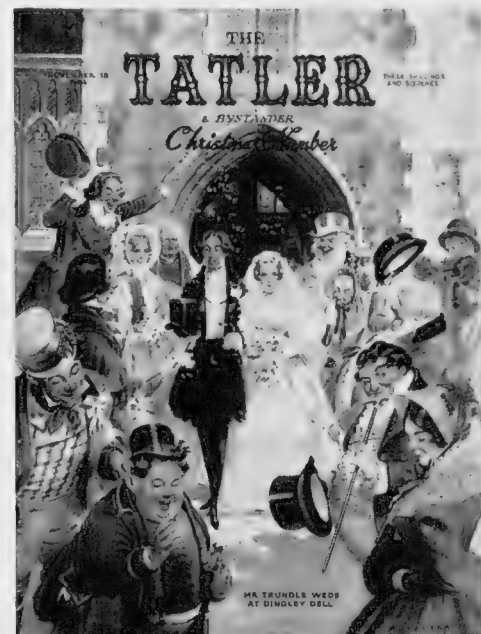
THE body is all steel and is mounted on a steel box section chassis frame. The four doors are hinged from their leading edges. The windscreen is curved and front quarter lights are fitted to the front doors. The kerbside weight is a little over one ton and a half. The engine has a slightly longer bore than its stroke, and its compression ratio is 7.26:1. Brakes are Lockheed hydraulic and front suspension is fully independent with torsion bar springing.

Something ought here also to be said about the Renault cars because this company was celebrating its 50th anniversary quite recently in London. In the spring it was stated that more than half a million of the small 750 c.c. or "four horse" models had been produced. The company also produces the 2-litre Frégate, which is a car of about 2 litres capacity with an extremely lively performance.

As this article has been returning evil for good in a large part and has been giving adverse criticism for lavish hospitality and fine showmanship we must retain the same attitude at the conclusion. I still feel that the marvels of modern science—about which we read in the daily press *ad nauseam*—should enable the quantity of lubricating oil in the engine sump to be measured without the necessity of leaning on the front wing and getting the front of one's suit covered in mud, lifting the bonnet and getting one's hands covered in oil, groping for the dipstick and getting one's hair covered in grease and then finding that unless one uses one's handkerchief and gets that covered in sludge one still cannot find out how much oil there is in the sump.

If someone were to offer me a motor car with a trustworthy means of ascertaining the quantity of oil in the engine and the quantity of fuel in the tank I should accept it without being too critical of the basic features of the engine and chassis specification. It is a constant source of astonishment to me that motorists have put up with the dip stick for so many years without either striking against the manufacturers or locking them out—I am a little uncertain which procedure would be correct in the circumstances.

Despite all criticisms—and in this article I have leaned heavily towards the critical side—I feel that this year's Motor Show must be looked upon in many respects as the best we have yet held. Criticism is possible of many details, but if the whole picture is looked at there can be nothing but praise for the organization and for the manner in which the different companies have displayed their goods.



THE Christmas Number of The TATLER will be on sale on November 18. This year it makes an especial appeal to all who have friends overseas, conveying the whole spirit of seasonable gaiety. It may be ordered from today for 3s. 6d., including postage 3s. 10d.

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Famous ski-ing and curling  
2 hours from Berne. Road open all Winter. 30 hotels—Ski School—Curling Coach—Skating. Write to Kurverein, Grindelwald.

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IVA ZÜRICH

# The Englishman's<sup>★</sup> Guide to Smirnoff Vodka



The Island Race are among the world's most discerning drinkers. They are, however, notably conservative in their tastes, preferring to stick to what they know than experiment with alien beverages of doubtful potency. Believing, however, that Englishmen<sup>★</sup> should share in the pleasures of cocktail imbibers in other lands, we gladly provide a few facts about the world-famous Smirnoff Vodka.

1. Smirnoff Vodka is a smooth palatable drink, no stronger than your Gin, Whisky or Rum.

2. Smirnoff Vodka is today one of America's most popular drinks, where it is used as the blending spirit for new and established cocktails as well as for long drinks.

3. Smirnoff Vodka makes a most attractive drink taken straight "à la Russe," especially when accompanied by savouries.

4. Smirnoff Vodka is made in this country according to the traditional recipe used by Pierre Smirnoff, purveyor of Vodka to the Imperial Court of Russia.

Try Smirnoff instead of Gin in your favourite cocktail. Try a VODKATINI (Smirnoff Vodka and Vermouth mixed in your favourite proportions) and a SCREWDRIVER (Smirnoff Vodka and Orange Juice).

*\*To say nothing of the Scots, the Welsh and those of the Irish whose pleasures know no frontier*



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## Beauty in Botany

by


**BRAEMAR**

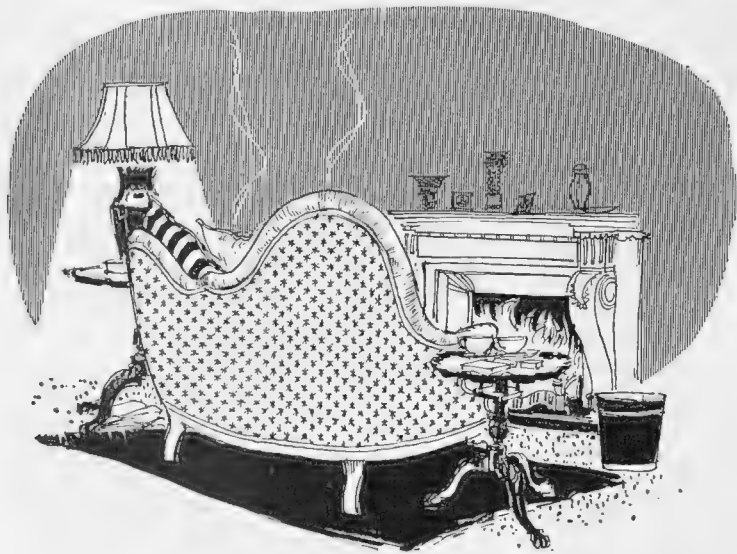

For someone who loves beautiful things—a twin-set by Braemar is a gift to treasure, a warm companion for this winter, and many others. In purest Botany, full-fashioned in sweet-muted shades, this set is distinguished by its original step-by-step collar.

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**Nº 3**

The Quality  
Cigarette



LÉON BAKST'S sketch for a guard in the 1921 production of *The Sleeping Princess* at the Alhambra Theatre as reproduced from *A Picture History Of Ballet*, edited by Arnold Haskell and published by the Hulton Press (25s.)

Books [Continuing from page 294]

### Amphibious Sea-Dog

**ADMIRAL ON HORSEBACK** (Michael Joseph, 10s. 6d.) is rousing comedy—author, Geoffrey Willans, who gave us *Down With Skool*.

Admiral Sir Strangeways Foxe-Forsyth, I understand, first made his appearance in *Blackwood's Magazine*, and since then many readers have been positively demanding to hear more of him. Nor, once having met the admiral, can one wonder. Presented with wry affection and respectful amusement, he never palls: entranced, we watch him in action at sea and on shore—coping with his American opposite number, Admiral Kzecky (who, first met descending from a helicopter called Hiya Rosie, is in private life an ardent saxophone player), attending a conference in Paris under the tutelage of a Mrs. Stopford, and (while at Government House, Malta) outwitting the egregious Mr. Albert Smith, a visiting Socialist M.P.

Half-way through the book comes a section called "Mid-Career": time being 1941. The then Cdr. Foxe-Forsyth is to be met in the bosom of an American family—goodwill incarnate, but for two beastly small boys. His ultimate mastery of the domestic scene is, one may consider, hardly less remarkable than his subsequent handling of the Empire Heron with his unpromising crew. . . . First and last, "Foxie's" poser is his own womenfolk. *Admiral On Horseback* is a fine book about a fine type—and, now and then, it brings a lump to the throat.

★ ★ ★

**AN ALLIGATOR NAMED DAISY**, by Charles Terrot (Collins, 10s. 6d.), is a fast-moving, ingenious piece of fooling. With the improbability of the plot it would be priggish to cavil—agreeable scenes abound—but the improbability of the heroine, a tedious "wild Irish" young lady called Miss O'Shannon, is from time to time likely to get one down. However, Miss O'Shannon is subsidiary to Daisy—that adolescent female alligator wished on to our hero, Peter Weston, by a drunk on the home-going boat from Ireland.

Peter never liked alligators, and his relations with the adhesive Daisy, who imperils both his love-life and his career, are accordingly fractious to a degree. What indeed *does* one do with an alligator—in a London flat (correct South Kensington type), a music shop where one works, or at a country house-party?

Mr. Terrot, unlike his distracted hero, loves alligators, and feels lucky in owning one—darling Daisy, we take it, is drawn from life. He writes television plays: it is my feeling that this tale of his would go better on the screen.

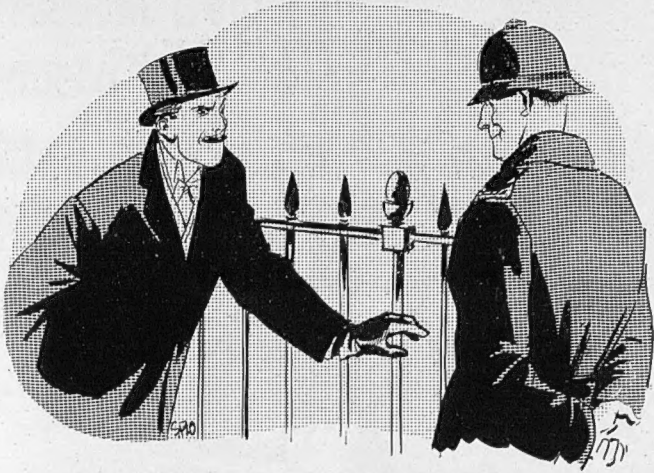
### Other Book Suggestions

**STUDIES FROM THE LIFE**. A collection of Osbert Lancaster "pocket cartoons"—need one say more? Only too slim a volume, but all one hoped. Published by Gryphon Books Ltd., at 4s. 6d. Advice: snap up *your* copy before they are all gone!

★ ★ ★

**VANISHED WITHOUT TRACE**, by Antoni Ekart (Max Parrish, 16s.). The story of "seven lost years" in Soviet Russia, told by a Pole who survived them. The author was one of the thousands of nameless prisoners, counted "expendable," shifted from labour camp to labour camp within the Russian network, between 1940-47. As a document, this book is unique.

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## THICK NIGHT

"Tell me, officer, have you ever left a party, steered north up Bond Street, passed Eros on the south, tripped over a lion and found yourself due west of the Burghers of Calais?"

"I beg your pardon, sir."

"To put it another way, a November night in London is like a dawn without Rose's. Very misty."

"You refer to Rose's Lime Juice, sir? Only the other day the Superintendent was saying..."

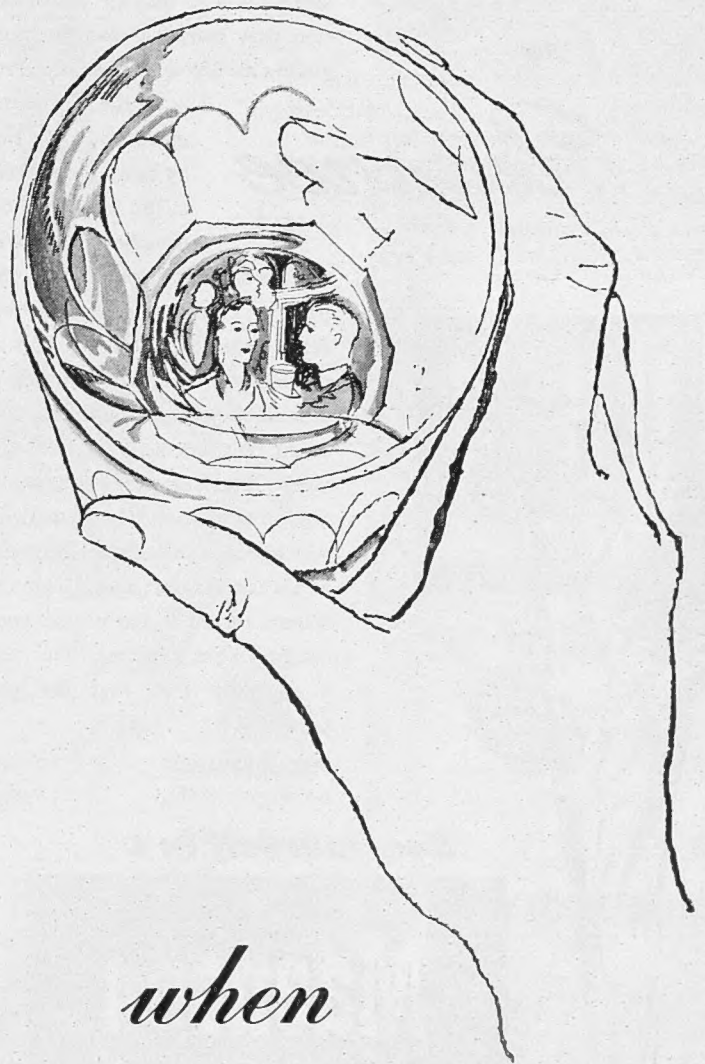
"Officer — tell him to stick to gin and Rose's the night before and he will remain, like I am, most orderly. Would you kindly direct me to the Underground?"

"Certainly, sir. And I need hardly wish you a very good morning."

### ROSE'S LIME JUICE

for Gin and Lime

ROSE'S ALSO MAKE FINE FRUIT SQUASHES



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the clans  
gather,  
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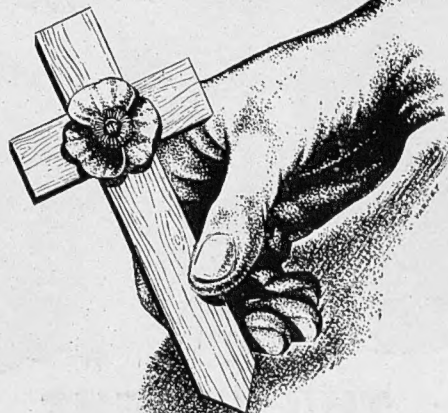


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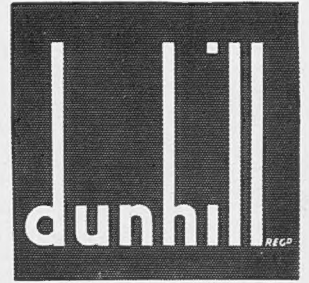
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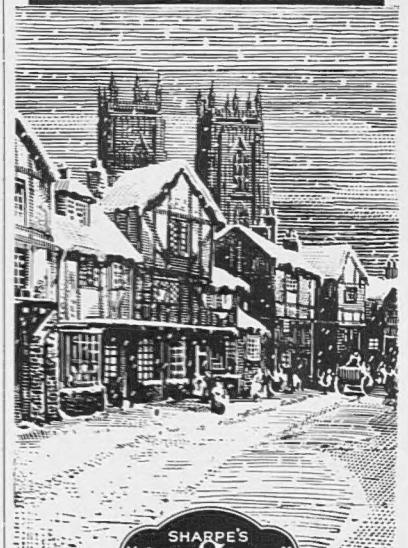


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